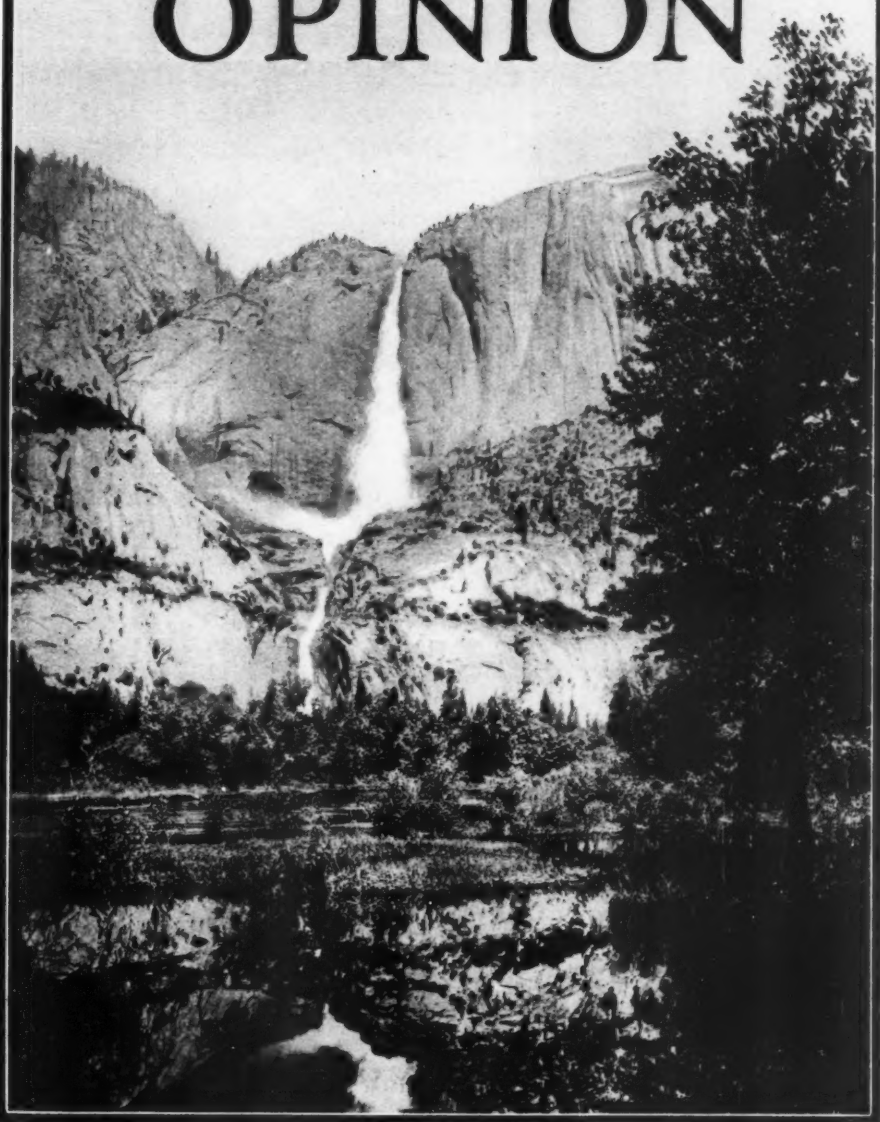


CURRENT OPINION



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A WONDER IN WATERFALLS FOR THOSE WHO WOULD "SEE AMERICA FIRST"

The Upper Yosemite Falls in California tumble 1,436 feet, the Lower 400 feet, the Middle 626 feet—total 2,462 feet—fifteen times those of Niagara.



© Paul Thompson

A BIG BUSINESS MAN TACKLES THE BIGGEST JOB IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE
Whether Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin will prove himself a high and mighty successor to Bonar Law and Lloyd George is the question of the hour in England.



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THREE OF AN AMBASSADORIAL KIND—WHEN SHALL THEY MEET AGAIN?
Ambassador Cyrus E. Woods (left) has graduated from Madrid to Tokio; Col. George Harvey (center) expects to continue at the Court of St. James, and Alanson B. Houghton (right) is going back "to save the mark" in Berlin.



© International

PRINCE REGENT HIROHITO AND PRINCESS KUNI TO WED IN NOVEMBER

Their romantic courtship points to a royal wedding that is bitterly opposed by the Choshu faction in Japan.



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RUMOR WOULD HAVE HIM FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON
General Gouraud, hero of Château-Thierry, is to attend the reunion of the 42nd Division at Indianapolis this month. He is a soldier-diplomat, former French High Commissioner of Syria.



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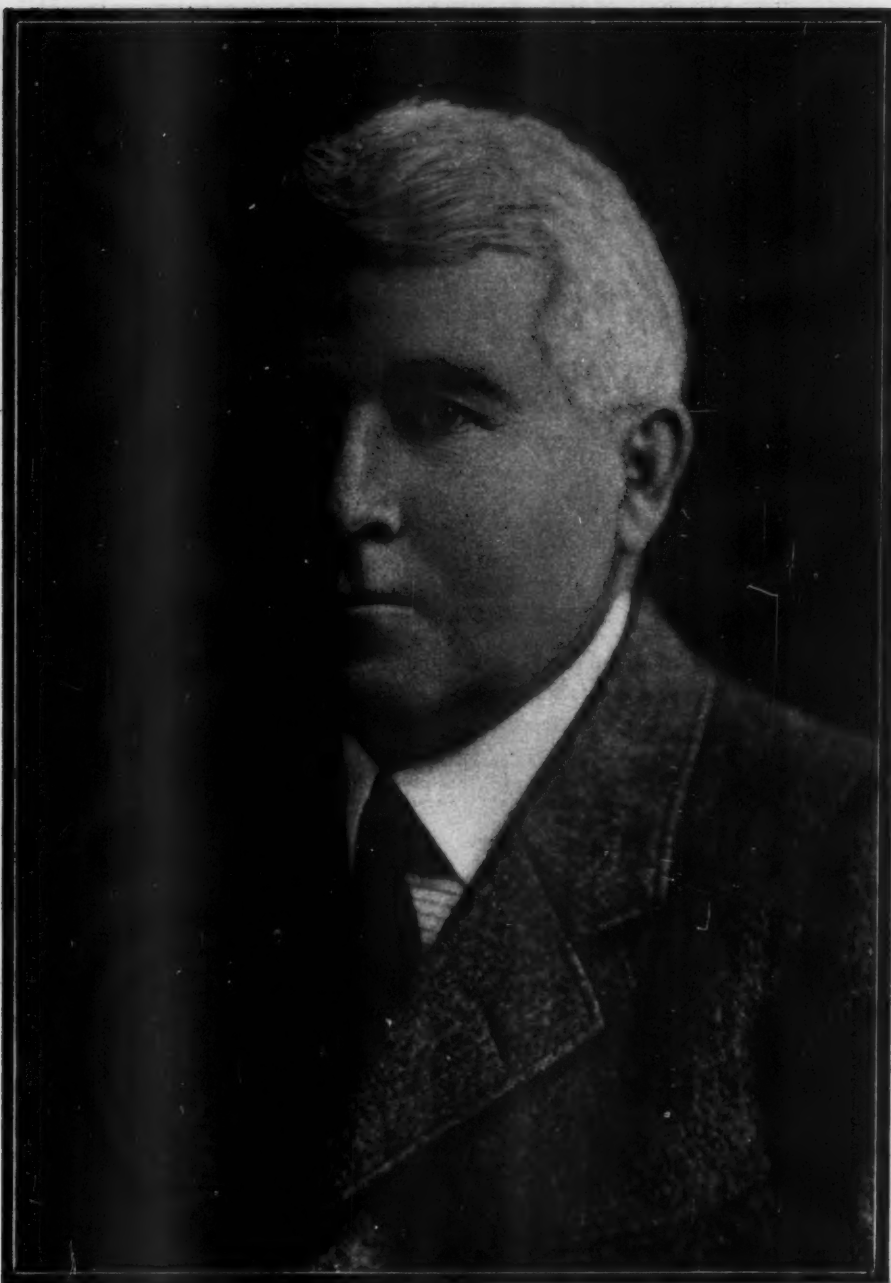
ANOTHER CHICAGO MAN HEADS THE SHIPPING BOARD

Edward F. Farley, succeeding Albert Lasker, provokes curiosity as to why no seaboard man of maritime knowledge was fitted to direct the U. S. Shipping Board.



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BACK FROM CHINA, MINISTER SAO-KE ALFRED SZE DEPLORES THE SHANTUNG OUTRAGE
His representations to the State Department, on this and other matters of celestial import, are a
sealed book that would make interesting reading.



© Paul Thompson

HE IS CHARGED WITH OPPOSING THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION
Chairman John T. Adams, of the Republican National Committee, is challenged by both Republican and Democratic spokesmen for arraying himself against the Harding-Hughes World Court program.

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

Ford Threatens the Old Parties

A GAINST him in serried ranks stand his enemies, influential enemies of his own cultivating—the “international Jews,” the professional politicians, and that section of the higher financial world labeled “Wall Street.” For him with loud voices clamor the Solid South, the discontented Middle West, and—it must be admitted—a large share of those “plain people” who drive his unnumbered flivvers.

Is Henry Ford then to run for President? It is a possibility which the sane and sober majority of the country must envisage.

A curious mood turns large numbers of our people toward this best advertised man in the United States. Not that the outcry for an efficient business administration is curious or new. Not that dissatisfaction with whatever administration we have just had is anything but customary. Not that political parties are bankrupt—they always seem bankrupt when people are in the present cynical humor.

The mood of this large section of the public is a mood of partly savage, partly bored, disillusionment. They are “fed up” with “statesmen” of the well-recognized types, who talk and tax, and tax and talk, raise up tariffs to the skies, and raze down tariffs to sea-level.

The thought of Henry Ford has blown into their minds like a refreshing breeze. It is a thought full of humorous aspects, a bracing thought, infectious with excitement and possibilities for mischief. What though our soberer citizens and the bulk of the press cry out that Henry Ford would be a national calamity as President, and wreck our new-won prosperity. Let them cry, they

retort. Those people have always prophesied a dire conclusion to his career, while Henry has climbed serenely on from pinnacle to pinnacle, confounding his enemies, multiplying his product, performing industrial miracles with coal and steel and railroads, electricity and manpower.

In 1924, Mr. Harding, it is generally conceded, will receive the endorsement of his party and renomination for President. Not even the menacing schisms, mainly ascribable to the raising of the World Court issue, will suffice to break his grip on the organization. Therefore, if the people are to have an opportunity to hoist Henry Ford into the Presidential chair with their ballots, it must be as the candidate of the Democratic Party.

The Democratic National Committee, having met in Washington to chat about routine matters, found that they were unable to avoid discussing Henry Ford. With fear, rather than hope, they mentioned his name and admitted his popularity. Committee members frankly confessed that if all the states had direct primaries nothing could prevent Ford's nomination at the head of their ticket. But with the boss-controlled convention system of choosing delegates, and under the two-thirds rule, the committeemen declared with confidence that they could keep Ford out.

Henry Ford himself has said, with a grin, that the politicians and the big interests will never permit him to be President. His wife has stated that he must go to the White House without her, if he goes. But this apparently means nothing to Ford's enthusiastic backers. The movement for him chugs along, gathering strength as it goes.

Of Mr. Hearst's gratuitous selec-

tion of him to lead a Third Party ticket much has been made. However, someone has shrewdly pointed out that Mr. Hearst would be more apt to nominate himself if there were the slightest chance of the election's being won by a Third Party. In American politics Third Parties have been instructively frequent—and futile.

That so great a fortune as Henry Ford's should have been accumulated without arousing intense hostility is nothing short of amazing. Upon the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Goulds, Morgans and others, fierce attacks have been made, alleging that they attained their ends illegally, unethically, and by beggaring their rivals. But with Ford it is different. No one begrudges him his money. Even organized labor, grateful for high wages and short hours, permits him to maintain the open shop without controversy.

Last year his net profits were reported to be \$119,000,000. In April of this year he told the *Wall Street Journal* that he had \$200,000,000 in cash on hand, and was not thinking

of borrowing. A month later he usurped Wall Street's place as lender to the city of Detroit.

The country at large, regarding his vast earned wealth, remembers only that he furnishes a helpful piece of machinery which brings happiness to millions, and furnishes it at a very low price. Somehow he seems to be entitled to his stupendous income.

If he is not celebrated for aggressive philanthropies, such as the Rockefeller Foundation, it is because all his money goes to expand his business, so that he may hire more men at high wages, and sell more of his cheap and helpful machines.

Henry Ford's popularity rests not simply upon popular admiration for his efficiency as a manufacturer, his lowering of prices, his kindly treatment of his men, and his rise, like a flaming meteor, from poverty to plutocracy. In the Middle West, where the farmers are struggling to obtain money at lower rates, it is remembered also that Henry Ford, according to common report, has had to fight Wall Street for years. And in the South, the treatment meted out to him by Congress in connection with Muscle Shoals, has won him the furious partizanship of all classes. The South, it is said, now looks to Ford as to a Moses who can lead them out of the economic wilderness into the Promised Land of industrialism.

Somehow a notion has sprung up and spread that Henry Ford could run the country as efficiently as he runs his factories, as cheaply, as profitably for us all, paying big wages, and with bi-yearly cuts in the price—namely, the taxation under which the country groans. That is the dream which has captivated so many minds.

However, for the neutral observer, not affiliated with any party, nor yet an upholder of the businessman-for-President idea, it will be



IT'S A GREAT LITTLE CAR WHEN YOU GET IT STARTED

—Machamer in *New York Tribune*.



THE PRESS AGENTS ANNOUNCE AMONG THE COMING ATTRACTIONS A YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT

—Darling in *Collier's*.

difficult to discern in Henry Ford any of those qualities which make a successful Chief Executive for this nation. No man is less given to team-work nor more deaf to counsel:

Some observers are very much alarmed at his candidacy. In a long article in the *New York Nation* Oswald Garrison Villard shudders "at the thought of this man being in control of our national destinies. . . . The milk of human kindness is not within him. . . . He is without that patience which is wisdom and beyond price. . . . He has not learned to control his self, or to think things through, or to order his mind. . . . It is my deliberate belief that during the past thirty years no candidate has been suggested so absolutely unfit for the White House as Henry Ford. Almost anything conceivable might happen to the Republic should he be elected."

He would not be a *safe* man in the White House. He would be an autocrat, likely to break out occasionally with dubious schemes, and certain to attempt strange and difficult economic and political reforms. On

the other hand this unpredictable and dangerous element in him only serves, with many of our voters, to lend an additional charm and glamor to his possible candidacy.

"Probably no man who ever occupied the Presidential chair," remarks the *Christian Science Monitor*, "would be made so miserable as he by the limitations which precedent, tradition and good form have hedged about that office. He might break them, sometimes to the good of the service. It is more probable that they would break him, physically at any rate."

Whatever else can be said of the agitation for him, it will probably have a salutary effect upon the Old Guard element in both the major parties. It may well frighten them into putting up the best possible candidates from top to bottom of their tickets. It may inspire them to proclaim and adhere to platforms of such shining quality as only shall win back the faith and allegiance of the disillusioned public. The *threat* of Ford is probably a piece of good fortune for us all. -



GETTING BEYOND CONTROL
—Ding in New York Tribune.

A Blow to Volsteadism

THE liquor question, which was to have been lifted out of politics once and forever by prohibition, is more a political issue than ever. By approving the "repealer" of New York State's enforcement act Governor Alfred E. Smith has aroused the press, the politicians and the public to new interest in the whole question.

From several States similar "repeal" plans are reported, notably from Illinois, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Once more the question has been raised as to whether the Volstead Act can be amended so as to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer. The President, it is rumored, will submit a "dry plank" to the next Republican Convention. Influential Democrats, on the other hand, prophesy a strong movement for moderate enforcement of Prohibition, Bryan or no Bryan, at the Democratic Convention. Editorially it is suggested that the issue will transcend in popular interest even such questions as

taxation, foreign policy and the railroads.

What has actually happened? Governor Smith has signed a bill repealing the "concurrent" enforcement by New York State of the Volstead Act. In a statement which is a masterly piece of polemical writing, whatever is thought of its tendencies, he has pointed out that whereas the constitution imposes prohibition, it does not impose double jeopardy (liability to two punishments for the same offense), nor restrictions upon the medicinal supply of liquor, nor the half-of-one-per-cent. rule.

These things, according to Governor Smith, constitute "fanatical" prohibition. Contrasting the "fanatical drys" with the "fanatical wets" the Governor declares his belief that a moderate course can be followed between these two groups of extremists, that a moderate course *must* be found to be enforceable, and to maintain the sanctity of the law.

Congress, as the "paramount" law-making power, should set limits to the alcoholic content permissible in beverages, he admits, but they should be moderate, not fanatical limits, and the Federal Government should then leave it to each of the sovereign States of the Union to decide whether it wishes to enforce complete prohibition of liquors containing any alcohol whatsoever, or wishes to permit beverages containing moderate amounts of alcohol.

The repeal of the State enforcement act does not make legal a single act which was illegal during the period of the existence of the statute. The repeal does not bring back light wines and beer, for example.

The only change effected by the repeal is that whereas the police might take offenders into State courts or Federal courts while the law stood, the prosecution of offenders against the Volstead Act is

now placed, in "Al" Smith's own words, "where it belongs—in the Federal courts." The repeal will not and cannot bring back the saloon, but it does do away entirely with the possibility of double jeopardy. Double jeopardy, says Governor Smith, "is an unwarranted and indefensible exception to the fundamental constitutional guarantee contained in both the Federal and the State Constitutions that no person shall be twice tried or punished for the same offense."

So opens a new chapter in the struggle to rid America of the drink evil. The problem has not proved so simple as it seemed at one time. It will be interesting now to observe whether or not other States will follow New York in casting the burden of enforcement upon Congress.

□ □

Harassing the Administration

IN all probability the Five-Power Agreement as to the manner in which America should be repaid for the cost of her Rhineland Army of Occupation would have attracted little public notice had not John T. Adams, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, anticipated that settlement by an attack upon our late Allies, in the course of which he accused them of attempting to "bilk" and "job" the United States out of her just dues.

A day or two after his statement was given out and recalled at the instance of Secretary Hughes, be-



A SPELL OF WEATHER

—Kirby in New York World.

cause of its bad effect upon the progress of these delicate negotiations, Under-Secretary of the Treasury Eliot Wadsworth actually signed the agreement disposing of the entire matter upon satisfactory terms. Payment is to be spread out over twelve years, collectible under our separate treaty with Berlin, rather than under the Versailles Treaty, and priority is given us after the first four years. In a word, as the result of negotiations extending from February on, the whole thing is quietly disposed of, or would have been, but for Chairman Adams.

While he consented to recall his attack upon the Allied Governments, the Republican Committee head refused to retract his sentiments, and has made further statements, bearing not directly upon the Rhineland costs agreement, but assailing the League of Nations, and by inference the World Court, though he is care-



ANOTHER SAMSON

—Marcus in Forbes.

ful not to name the latter. By his insistence that America must keep free of European entanglements to avoid being robbed and cheated, he appears to have begun an insurrection against the foreign policy of the Administration, especially with reference to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

The insurgent Republican press, "bitter-end" opponents of the World Court, applaud his stand, and assert with Chairman Adams that he speaks for 16,000,000 Republican voters. The Administration press and that section of the Democratic press which—to use Will Rogers' phrase—feels that Mr. Harding is "the best Democratic President the Republicans have ever put in," denounce Chairman Adams in good round terms for his "unmeasured impudence" and "brazen effrontery" in attempting to dictate the President's conduct of foreign affairs. Meanwhile the partisan Democratic press, headed by the *New York World*, sees in Mr. Adams' series of outbursts a "palace revolution," and

an attempt to "sandbag the President," on the eve of his campaign for renomination. Nevertheless, the whole incident is best described as a tempest in a teapot.

To trace its deeper causes is not easy. One is led back to the understanding between Republican party managers and Mr. Harding that he should do nothing without consulting the "best minds." In suddenly advocating our adhesion to the World Court, a day or two before Congress concluded its sessions, he is alleged to have acted for the first time without first obtaining the advice and consent of those "best minds." Hence the insurrection which he must now fight, or to which he must surrender. They are determined to harass him into relinquishing either the World Court or the party leadership.

Thus the gratifying agreement with respect to the Rhineland costs has served to muddy the political waters. In certain quarters the bulletin characterizing the Allies as "crooks" has been laid at the door of an overzealous and prejudiced publicity man who put it out without Chairman Adams' knowledge. But Mr. Adams seems to have taken advantage of the situation thus unintentionally created.

□ □

Greed and the Building Slump

STRANGE and wondrous things have been recorded of those ten tremendous years from 1910 to 1920, but none more strange nor wondrous than the decrease in the number of men willing to work with their hands at the building of houses.

The United States Census Bureau is not partizan. For accuracy and trustworthiness its figures on Labor match its figures on any other subject, and may be depended upon.

The Bureau declares that from Census to Census, 1910 to 1920, the number of workmen in the five most important building trades declined from 530,000 to 450,000.

Wages, during that same period, rose more than 100 per cent. Pressure for houses and industrial buildings was steady and strong. Save for short periods of war suspension and post-war depression, constant employment on full time was offered, together with time and a half for overtime, and, frequently, sky-high bonuses.

Like a topsy-turvy sentence from *Alice in Wonderland* reads the paradoxical development of the building trades: The higher the wages, the fewer the workmen! Nevertheless that sentence is an excellent description of the condition which obtains.

Our national population increased 15 per cent. approximately, from 1910 to 1920, and new homes, new factories, new lofts, new office buildings, were urgently required.

Yet the number of men engaged in bricklaying, plastering, painting varnishing, and so on, diminished 15 per cent. The principle of "the higher the fewer" has humorous connotations, but is not humorous as applied here. Rather it is full of tragic significance for all of us who must huddle in scanty quarters, or pay outrageous rents on far-too-costly dwellings and stores.

Why should the prosperous month of January, 1920, have found 80,000 fewer men than a decade previously in the five main branches of the building trades? Here are the figures, as furnished by the New York Herald:

	1920	1910
Brick and stone-masons.....	181,000	161,000
Plasterers	38,000	47,000
Roofers and slaters.....	11,000	14,000
Stonecutters	22,000	35,000
Painters, glaziers and varnishers	248,000	273,000
Total	450,000	530,000

How could such a state of affairs come about, unless by deliberate intention of the workmen themselves limiting their numbers so as to inflate their pay envelopes?

Indeed, that is exactly how it did come about, according to certain of the labor-union leaders, who boast of this decrease in the numbers of their members as their greatest achievement, an achievement based upon the settled policy of making each local an exclusive society, where initiation is to be obtained only at the price of admission to a snobbish Fifth Avenue club, where dues are high enough to discourage candidates, and where new recruits



THE HOG OF IT

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

continue in the status of journeymen indefinitely.

Through the winter and spring of 1923, with a building boom stimulating speculative builders to bid against each other with bigger and bigger bonuses, it would have seemed that the lot of these artisans approached the ideal. But they were not satisfied. They chose the moment when materials and labor costs, like twin rockets, had soared to war-time levels, to strike for further increases of pay.

That settled it. Bankers withdrew their support from loans. The buildings would never be worth what they were evidently going to cost. Construction slumped. Structures already commenced are being completed, and emergency buildings are being erected, but the ordinary and extraordinary construction for which there is so great a need must wait until fall, when operations will be resumed if costs have sufficiently subsided. The boom is over.

Herein there is no desire to cudgel the workman and let off his employer and the supply men with a cross word. The thing is a vicious circle. If the barber raises the price of a haircut to a dollar, as they are threatening, it will be at least partly because they need more money to pay the bricklayers' wage when paying rent. The bricklayer has no right to complain of dollar haircuts. Turn about is fair play.

There can be little question that wages in general are too high. If proof were needed that the \$12 to \$27 a day pay-scales, at which masons, plasterers and plumbers are turning up their noses, are out of line with the value of their services, that proof was furnished by a Virginia farmer who translated those pay-scales into terms of food at the prices which he, the farmer, must accept for it:

"It takes 63½ dozen, or 762, eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours' work.

"It takes 17½ bushels of corn, or a years' receipts from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer one day.

"It takes 23 chickens, weighing three pounds each, to pay a painter for one day's work in New York.

"It takes 42 pounds of butter, or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours, to pay a plumber \$14 a day.

"It takes a hog, weighing 175 pounds, representing eight months feeding and care, to pay a carpenter for one day's work."

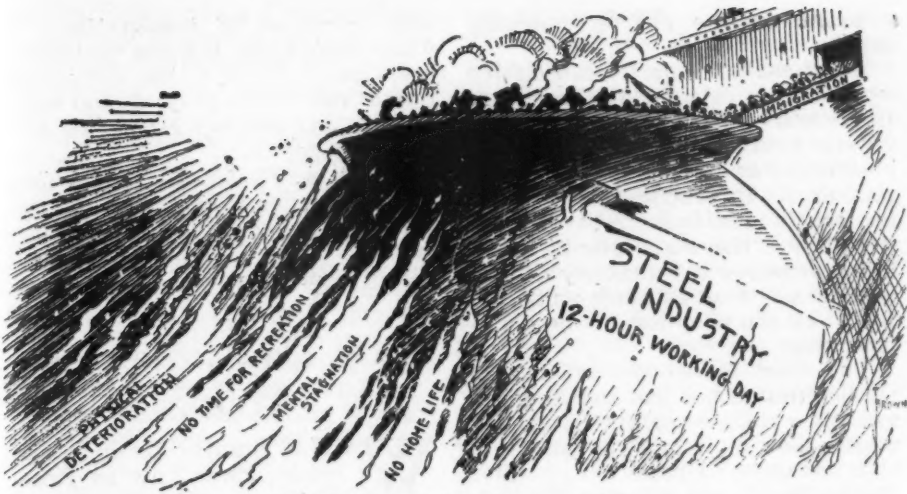
□ □

Profit and Loss in the Twelve-Hour Day

THOUGH it be the aim and obligation of industry to produce in the largest quantities at the lowest cost, this end must not be achieved at the expense of degrading the worker. The effect of production upon human life is vital to the whole community. No matter what the profits to the owners of the United States Steel Corporation, the country cannot afford cheap steel at the price of exhausted and demoralized men.

When Judge Gary, faltering with fatigue after one hour's speaking, reported to the American Iron and Steel Institute that the twelve-hour day is more restful than the eight, all he probably meant was that at the end of the twelve-hour day his men are too tired to indulge in *harmful* recreations. They go straight home to bed. What Judge Gary overlooks, in advocating the twelve-hour day, is that it robs the worker of the opportunity for *healthful* recreation, such as truck gardening around the house. He has no time for companionship with his children or his friends. He cannot visit with his family, even on Sunday, nor enjoy his church.

Now decency and democracy demand that he have leisure for all



THE WRONG KIND OF MELTING POT

Brown in Chicago Daily News.

those things. A civilized country is compelled to see that he gets them—if only for its own preservation. "We need steel," as the New York *World* remarks, "even more we need citizens."

The refusal of the Iron and Steel Institute, through 1,300 of its leaders who unanimously adopted the report of Judge Gary's committee, to abandon the twelve-hour day, can be defended upon the following grounds. Adequate rest periods are provided. The twelve-hour shift insures higher pay, and therefore is preferred by many of the workers. Three eight-hour shifts would require 60,000 workers, alleged at present to be unavailable because of the immigration quota law. The cost of steel production would be advanced 15 per cent. by the adoption of the three-shift day, and prices would rise accordingly.

In rebuttal the following is urged. It is against public policy to permit the employees of any corporation to be ruined in body and mind, whether or not they are willing. After a sufficient term of service in the frightful heat, steel workers are only too apt to become public

charges. Though there may be a slight labor shortage to-day, there was no labor shortage, but a surplus of about five million unemployed two years ago when the steel industry last refused to establish the eight-hour day.

Two reports have been published under the auspices of the Federated Engineering Societies since their organization four years ago. The first was a Waste Report, which pointed the way to savings of millions of dollars annually. The second, just completed after two years of investigation of 43 "continuous industries," finds the twelve-hour shift needless, uneconomic, and inhuman, a finding warmly welcomed by President Harding.

Dean Mortimer E. Cooley of the University of Michigan, successor to Herbert Hoover as President of the Federated Engineering Societies, says that the committee which made the report "observed conditions affecting every class of continuous worker, from the bellhop to the steel worker. It was found indisputably, that the twelve-hour shift is not economically necessary, and that continuous industry can be run with

a profit on the shorter working day."

In an earlier report Dean Cooley recorded his belief that the leisure of the workman is not ill spent, nor does it tend to make him lazy and indifferent as to his job. Quite the contrary. "In practically every major continuous industry," declares the Dean, "there are plants which have increased the quantity of production per man as much as 25 per cent." by the adoption of the eight-hour day.

The steel industry's defiance of public opinion has had anything but an approving reception from the press, the pulpit and the public of the country. Under the caption "Silly Steel" the *Chicago Tribune* sounds a warning which should be heard and heeded.

"The steel industry is badly guided. It is maintaining practices and supporting principles which invite legislative intervention. It is opposed to the neces-

sary restriction of immigration. It wants cheap labor. It wants the twelve-hour day. It tacks the Pittsburgh freight rate to the price of steel made in Gary and sold in Chicago. It is a foolish mammoth.

"It will get the legislatures and Congress into its business, just as the railroads did, as the packers did, as other giant industries have done. Then it will be ridden to death. . . ."

□ □

Dog Days in British Politics

WHILE Stanley Baldwin succeeds Bonar Law as Prime Minister, the situation in Britain can be best described as "no change." The new government includes Lord Robert Cecil and even a former Liberal like Reginald McKenna, but it is, none the less, a "Die-Hard" administration, dependent on the good will of the Extreme Conservatives. This means that its majority in the House of Commons, though solid at the moment, is artificial, representing only one-third of the electors who last year recorded their votes. If, then, the Government is to make good its position, the Conservative Party must largely increase its vote in the country. It is possible that this may happen. The Liberals are still divided. Labor is misbehaving with the red flag. And there is a vast mass of voters, unattached as yet to any party, without any formulated political principles, who may decide in their minds that Baldwin is the man. Should this



IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

—Wahl in Sacramento Bee.

happen, Baldwin might win the kind of personal following that, despite all parties and caucuses, kept Lloyd George and his Coalitions at the helm.

Lloyd George is, however, quietly biding his time. He is trying, first of all, to bring the Liberal Party together, but with no immediate success. What the older Liberals fear is that, if once they surrender to Lloyd George's spell, he will again lead them into a Center Party in which they will have to put up with coalitions including Winston Churchill, Birkenhead, Balfour, Chamberlain and Sir Robert Horne. That Lloyd George, while flirting with the Liberals, keeps in touch with the Conservative Coalitionists, may be taken for granted.

And there is this further to be said: a serious blunder by Stanley Baldwin, a wrong guess as to France, or Russia, or Turkey, or the new Free State of Ireland, might precipitate a crisis in the House of Commons, facing the Conservatives with the choice of Labor or Coalition. Would they then choose Coalition as the only alternative to Labor? And if they did choose Coalition would Lloyd George come back? The situation is highly interrogative.

□ □

Putting Money and Life Into Austria

SUCCESSFUL flotation of an international loan to balance Austria's budget brings to mind the fact that after being at death's door for two or three years, Austria has been revived, her credit has been or is being restored, her currency stabilized, and her economic life made to resemble something like normal, since the League of Nations took over her affairs last autumn.

In the summer of 1922 Austria

was at her worst. For three years she had exhausted all her savings, borrowed every possible krone, used up large charitable gifts, and was at her wits' end. Premier Seipel, former priest, traveled from capital to capital begging assistance, and in effect putting Austria up at auction to the highest bidder. When he turned up finally at the Council of Ambassadors, then meeting in London, Lloyd George is said to have given him the first constructive suggestion he had received, referring him to the League of Nations.

Presently a special committee under the financial section of the League, Balfour for Britain, Imperiali for Italy, Hanotaux for France, Benes for Czecho-Slovakia, and Seipel himself for Austria, was organized and issued an ultimatum to the bankrupt country as to what she must do before they would consider the extension of a loan. On their part they obtained the signatures of all of Austria's powerful neighbors to a covenant guaranteeing her autonomy. Whatever happened she should be allowed to live. None of them would swallow her bodily.

With her continued existence as a nation thus assured, Austria undertook to balance her budget in two years by discharging 100,000 (or one-third) of her government employees, by ceasing to print money and by creating a new Austrian National Bank which alone should have the right of note issue and must stabilize the currency by maintaining gold or collateral reserves to redeem it.

Austria was also compelled to frame revenue laws which would increase her income; sales taxes, customs and tobacco taxes. She was even required to set up a Cabinet Council, less cumbersome than the old Parliament, with power to pass legislation swiftly at the behest of the League. It was this Council which passed the sales tax.



IN THE THROES OF COMPOSITION

If the truth must be told, some of the finest efforts of great composers have been due to the prosaic but compelling inspiration of grim necessity.

—London Daily Mail.

All of these tasks, the guarantee of the integrity of Austria, the guarantee of the loan to be given Austria, the new sets of laws, and the creation of a new banking system, tasks which would ordinarily have occupied years, were accomplished, under the parlous pressure of Austria's necessity, between October and December of 1922. In December Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, Hollander, famous for his successful administration as Burgomaster of the city of Rotterdam, was appointed Commissioner-General of the League of Nations for Austria, and took up his quarters in Vienna to supervise the carrying out of the program of retrenchment and reform.

All the money lent the state is paid into a special account in his name. The Treasury cannot dispose of it without his authority. Similarly the gross receipts of the customs and the tobacco monopoly are paid into an account in his name.

The new Austrian National Bank has maintained the "krone" at the level it found it, namely 70,000 to the dollar, when the League of Na-

tions took charge of Austrian affairs. As William A. Du Puy states, in the *New York Times*, the bank "has not wanted it to rise." If it rose certain hardships would result, certain disadvantages would be thrown in the way of economical production. The number of kronen representing a Swiss franc, an American dollar, or an English pound, is immaterial so long as it remains the same. In other words, the Viennese and others are accustomed to charging 100,000 kronen for a dinner, and 5,000 kronen for a newspaper, and would only be confused and disturbed by having their money appreciate in value. The important thing for the moment is to bring a sense of security and permanence into the troubled minds of the people. Some day, perhaps, three or four ciphers will be quietly dropped.

"Vienna"—according to Dr. Zimmerman—"is rapidly recovering her old situation as the clearing house for Central Europe. Savings deposits have started to increase. From 2,000,000 gold crowns in September last they went up to 18,000,000 at the end of April, and they are still increasing. Commercial treaties have been concluded with most of the surrounding states. The number of unemployed, 170,000 in February last, went down to 120,000 last month.

"Vienna's outward appearance has changed. Americans must not think Vienna is a starving city, where the ghost of misery is walking the streets. On the contrary, it is full of life, with crowded shops and increasing industry and trade. . . . Thus Austria is slowly recovering from the most terrible era known in its long history, and thanks to international solidarity . . . we shall reach our aim, the resurrection of an intelligent, industrious nation and the conservation of a country which from time immemorial has been one of the

centers of trade, of arts, of science and of civilization."

The share of America in the re-financing of Austria is a matter for congratulation. Out of a total loan of \$126,000,000, J. P. Morgan & Company have underwritten \$25,000,000, which has been oversubscribed. The transaction shows what an excellent influence this country might exert in other directions than Austria by a wise use of the immense credit which can be developed from our gold reserves.

When Señor Don Augustin Edwards, President of the League of Nations and Chilean Ambassador to Great Britain, sailed from New York the other day he declared that "the most vital thing happening in the world is taking place in Austria, though all eyes seem to be fixed on Germany. The Great War started with a gathering of the clouds in Austria. The Great Peace might start in the same quarter."

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Shuffling for a New Deal in Europe

APPARENTLY there is a real chance of a settlement of the Ruhr question—not in the latest German offer, which, though less vague and evasive than some of its predecessors, is yet unsatisfactory to France and Belgium, and even to England—but in the shifting allegiances, the new compacts and alliances now taking form in Europe, and in the more moderate tone which this regrouping of powers may make it expedient for France to adopt.

France has grown a bit uneasy. She finds that the Ruhr is yielding a disappointing volume of coal and ore; that the expenses of the occupation are mounting up; and that a fierce feud is arising in the heart of Paris between the Socialists and the Royalist supporters of Poincaré, led by

Leon Daudet and his violent "Action Française." Elections are drawing near at which the Republic may be confronted by some *coup d'état*, very much more serious than counting votes.

In the meantime, Belgium, in the person of M. Theunis, her Prime Minister, is again pressing for moderation. And this time the misgivings of Belgium cannot be any longer ignored. Not less significant is the attitude of Italy. With France ignoring the other Allies, Italy has welcomed King George and formed with Britain what is obviously a balancing entente. King George has also visited the Pope and the Pope has issued an unmistakable pronouncement against a continuance of the Ruhr crisis.

France has also to deal with the decision of Great Britain to build an air fleet without delay that shall be equal to any other in Europe. The superiority of France in aggressive airplanes has stirred all parties across the English Channel, and the language used in the press and in Parliament is unmistakable.

Whatever view be taken of the French policy, adopted by Poincaré, no one supposes that France



IF WE RIGHTLY UNDERSTAND THEM
BOTH
—Reid for Bell Syndicate.

wants isolation or additional serious trouble. And there are many signs that she intends to accommodate her aims to the general opinion of Europe. Among these is her decision to relax the coercion in the Saar Valley by which, to give one instance, any critic of the Treaty of Versailles rendered himself liable to five years' imprisonment. This edict was issued ostensibly under the League of Nations to which there was to have been an appeal.

In French politics to-day there is a growing tension. As a protest against the Senate, which refused to proceed against certain Socialists, Poincaré tendered his resignation to President Millerand, who declined it. And there have been disorders both within and without the chamber, which suggest a spell of what may be called Boulangist fever. It is difficult to believe that any change from the Republic to a dictatorship will come about. For the Republic, founded in 1870, has several times weathered similar storms, notably during the violent agitation over the Dreyfus case. It is, however, not to be forgotten that, in the last 150 years, France has been twice a monarchy, twice an Empire and three times a Republic and that, to the French, a change in the form of sovereignty means much less than it would mean to Americans.

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A Great British Naval Base at Singapore

WHY has the British Parliament authorized the British Government to spend 50 million dollars on a naval base at Singapore? It is an expenditure, strongly challenged by the Liberal and Labor parties, which, however, were defeated in the lobby. And the British press is not less acutely divided on the subject. What, then, is the meaning of the new move?

According to the late Lord Fisher, Britain holds the five gateways of the world—the English Channel, Gibraltar, Suez, the Cape of Good Hope and Singapore. "And then," he would add with a laugh, "they say we are not the chosen people!" A sixth gateway is, of course, Panama.

What Lord Fisher did, twenty years ago, was to withdraw the British fleet from the ends of the earth and even from the Mediterranean and concentrate it against Germany. Outposts, like Singapore, were left to take care of themselves.

The German navy is now no more and the question again arises in what sense Britannia is to rule the waves. Clearly not in American waters, for Britain at Washington accepted a bare equality with the navy of the United States. Clearly not in Chinese waters, for at Washington Britain agreed not to fortify Hongkong. But there remains the Indian Ocean.

Prior to the Washington Conference, the Indian Ocean was safeguarded by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Under the alliance, Japan, during the war, patrolled the Austral-Asian trade routes to a point as far west as Gibraltar. But the alliance has been dropped; there is only the Four-Power Pact, vaguely associating the United States, Japan, Britain and France in a pledge to respect their various island possessions; and some people are genuinely nervous.

Those people are not English, but are New Zealanders and Australians. With a continent under her sovereignty, Australia has a mere handful of citizens—only 2 to the square mile. Her northern areas are tropical and as unsuitable for whites as they are desired by Asiatics. Australia is no longer closing her doors to suitable immigration, but she is still sensitive over her sparsely populated territories.

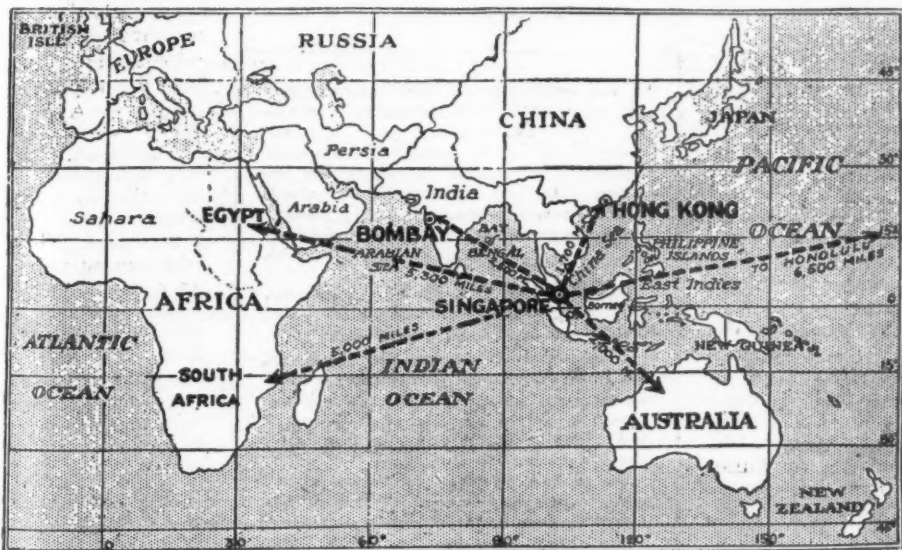
Australia therefore turns to Eng-

land and asks: "Why am I in your Empire at all, if you do not guarantee my coasts against a Japan which, however friendly, is still supreme in these waters?" The appeal may be emotional and patriotic rather than altruistic and logical. But, heard by the Admiralty, there is naturally a response. Every spending department likes to spend.

It might be supposed that a white Australia would receive help in time of need from a white America and a white Canada. But this is not to be anticipated. By the settlement at Washington, the United States undertook not to fortify her islands in the western Pacific, including Guam and the Philippines. This means that the advance station of the United States navy is Hawaii, which is far out of range of the Australian situation. A white Australia is thus isolated from other English-speaking countries. And of this isolation, Australia is acutely conscious.

Against the Singapore fortifications there are, however, many and powerful arguments. At a time when we thought that ill feeling in the Far East was allayed, it suggests a future war. There is, of course, no breach of the settlements at Washington, whether they be ratified or not, for Singapore is outside the neutral zone, there declared in the Far East. Indeed, the very fact that the zone extends to longitude 110, while the proposed base is at 105, suggests that at Washington Great Britain deliberately reserved the right of fortification, which doubtless affects her prestige in India.

But the fact remains that neither India nor Australia are seriously threatened and that the British taxpayer is burdened. "At home," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "we cannot afford schools and playgrounds for our children, or houses for our workers, and yet we are building great naval docks at Singapore."



Courtesy New York Herald

SINGAPORE IS NOW THE CENTER AND FOCUS OF BRITISH NAVAL STRATEGY

Britain's new naval base at Singapore will command all her far-flung eastern empire. The elaborate fortifications are said not to be aimed at Japan, but the only formidable enemy within 5,000 miles is Japan.

Listening In

I DO not think women will ever again consider idleness a luxury. They are too happy acquiring new duties to ever care to revert to the time when a ladylike stroll around the garden, stooping to nurse a few flowers every now and then, was considered a polite day's work for a perfect lady.—*Mrs. Edwin Denby, wife of the Secretary of the Navy.*

A FRENCH nobleman could attend the court of Louis XIV. or retire to his castle, as he chose, without discredit; for under that system of government the question was whether a certain man or certain other men conducted the government. The essential feature of the present condition is that the burden and duty of government rest upon all men, and no man can retire to his business or his pleasures and ignore his right to share in government without shirking a duty.—*Elihu Root, Republican oracle.*

THE amount any one of us can accomplish is governed by the tools with which we must work; and those tools, in most instances, are other men. If we go through life suspicious of other men, expecting nothing great of them, prepared for repeated disappointments, we are merely dulling our own tools.—*John R. Mott, executive head of the International Y. M. C. A.*

THE veil is not Turkish, but Persian, and is therefore foreign. It will take time and struggle to convert the Turks to modern standards of conduct, especially respect for women and the rights of woman-kind. Turkish women cannot be emancipated too suddenly. From

absolute seclusion they progress to a moderate seclusion, gradually leaving off the veil. Now in the villages Turkish women have to be unveiled because they are set to do the men's work in the fields.—*Mme. Ghazi Mustapha Kemal, wife of the Turkish General.*

HERETOFORE we have never been able to stop our runaway economic machine except by running it into the ditch. It may be that we are at the point now of learning how to shut off the gas and apply the brakes. If so, there is no reason, barring wars and cataclysms, why we may not continue to travel the business road at a temperate and prosperous gait indefinitely.—*M. C. Rorty, President of the National Bureau of Economic Research, addressing the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers.*

WHOEVER controls the motion-picture industry controls the most powerful medium of influence over the people. I think motion pictures have just started. It is my opinion that in twenty years children will be taught through pictures and not through books.—*Thomas A. Edison, inventor.*

MANKIND has been more or less well governed in a thousand different ways. No government has ever existed which has managed to make everybody it governed happy. How are you to prevent discontent from growing and becoming a danger to the safety of the State? You prevent it by means of force; by surrounding the mass with force; by employing this force without pity when it is necessary to do so. Take away force from any

THE melting pot is destructive to our race. What "democracy," "equality" and "the melting pot" has accomplished is to permit persons of different races and intellectuality to marry into and deteriorate our stock at an alarming rate. Not only philanthropy but modern medicine is deteriorating it, by keeping inferior stock alive.

We must either build up our own resources and conserve our race power, or else we must admit only such immigrants as shall strengthen and not weaken our race. The danger the melting pot brings to the nation is the breeding out of the higher divisions of the white race and the breeding in of the lower divisions.

A pint can never be educated to hold more than a pint. High intelligence is a recent trait and is comparatively rare. We have spent more effort to keep the race stupid than to make it intelligent, and now we are dissipating what intelligence we have.—*George B. Cutten, President of Colgate University.*

government whatsoever—and physical armed force is meant here—and leave only its immortal principles—and that government will be at the mercy of the first organized group which has made up its mind to beat it.—*Benito Mussolini, Italy's Dictator.*

YOU cannot maintain peace by force, for who will supply, who will control, who will direct, the force? Great nations may indeed discipline a weak power. But when great nations do not agree among themselves, who shall guard the guardians? There is only one way to the goal—a long and difficult way—by the cultivation of the spirit of friendship and good-will among the peoples.—*Charles E. Hughes.*

FINANCIAL and political interests would never let me become President. They will never have it.—*Henry Ford.*

BEFORE the recent war there were something like fifty kings and queens doing business in different parts of the world. Now the number has been reduced to less than half a dozen. But the new governments are not doing any better than the old; in fact, most of them are doing worse.—*Ed. Howe, Kansas editor and philosopher.*

WHAT I should like is that America should shake her fist at Europe—just frighten her a bit—so that Europe should not be guilty of any more nonsense in the way of war, but begin to get down to peace; and that in case there should be a war America should on no account give either money or food to Europe for war purposes.—*Maksim Gorky, celebrated Russian author.*

MEN are sentimental about their politics; loyal to their machines, clubs and old-time-do-you-a-favor friends. Women are more concerned with candidates

WE must be prepared to defend ourselves against any possible use of poison gases by unscrupulous outlaw countries. To assure the effectiveness of our gas masks we must investigate all poisonous compounds. It is the policy of the War Department to conduct our investigations so that the data which we discover can be given every possible peace-time use. The Chemical Warfare Service has made valuable contributions to medical science, to the dye industry and, finally, to the work of pest extermination. In the Philippines chlorine compounds and flame throwers are being experimented with for the destruction of locusts which periodically invade the islands, and promise great success in eliminating this scourge.—*John W. Weeks, Secretary of War.*

who are real men before they are good fellows. Women dig deeper into the private lives of men. It is bound to influence the future choice of candidates.—*Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania.*

Americans are inclined to regard England as a small island which by questionable means has grabbed a large portion of the

earth's surface. That is really a wrong way of looking at it. The British Commonwealth is a League of Nations. It is one of two leagues of nations which are really in working order. The other league, of a different kind, is the United States.—*William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, London.*

If man is no longer a beast, it is not because he can drive motor cars and build aeroplanes, but because religion has taught him, in however imperfect a form, love, justice, self-control and respect for the rights of others.—*Sir Sidney Low, British historian and editor.*

Itold a certain man in Europe that if he lived long enough he'd see that continent colonized by Americans. It may take 500 years, it may take 1,000. Asia was once the mistress of the world, and sent her colonies to Europe. Then Europe became mistress and sent her colonies to Asia. Some day we will send our colonies to Europe.—*Antonio S. de Bustamante, Professor of International Law, University of Havana, Cuba, and one of the eleven judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice.*

SOME critics have found fault with me for not being constantly myself. But they are wrong. I am always myself. I have several personalities and each thinks and does a bit differently—not because I am unstable or unprincipled, but because I am free.—*Joseph Conrad.*

A NEW BRITISH PREMIER WHO IS SHY IN DIPLOMACY

IN Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain, the English press sees a dark horse. One by one, his points have had to be discovered, including even his pedigree. Vaguely, people recollect that he was born very rich, the heir of Alfred Baldwin who, even in sovereigns sterling, was a multi-millionaire, having made his money in South Wales, out of steel and coal. England, like the Rhine, has her Ruhr Valleys, and the firm of Baldwin was strongly entrenched therein.

But, despite all his prosperity and economic power, there is, about the Prime Minister, a dash of altruism. When war broke out, Baldwin, unable to fight himself, was moved by patriotism to have his fortune evaluated in order that he might surrender one-quarter of it to the State. The war cost Britain 35 million dollars a day and Baldwin's gift must, therefore, have paid for at least eight hours of the fighting. Although he is a Tory, he has a son who professes Socialism.

As for Baldwin himself, it is hard to understand the man unless his mother is included in the reckoning, how she was one of the four fair and famous daughters of a certain Rev. George B. Macdonald, Wesleyan Methodist minister. Of this quartette of sisters, the eldest, Georgiana, was married to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the pre-Raphaelite painter, who immortalized her countenance on canvas and stained windows; while a second sister, Agnes, was wife of the more mundane artist Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, with all that this means of social prestige. The third sister, Alice, was mother of Rudyard Kipling, while the fourth, Louisa, still lives to see her son Prime Minister. Stanley Baldwin thus belongs to a wider circle than mere politics. He is first cousin of Rudyard Kipling, the poet; of Sir Ambrose Poynter, the architect, and of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the artist. In this bril-

liant group, as it became, the mere fact that he was the richest man, did not mean that he was the most distinguished. A financier—yes; a private member in the House of Commons—yes; possibly, a subordinate minister. But First Minister of the Crown—impossible! If the impossible has come about, it is because the times are out of joint, parties are shattered and men rise to supreme power in a week. Baldwin has leapt into the limelight—that is true. But a turn of fortune's wheel may place him in eclipse.

The basis of his wealth is hard and rough. His workers often talk about Syndicalism and applaud the Bolsheviks. Yet the result of his commercial success has been a domestic culture, all the more wholesome and exquisite because it has ripened under the warmth of the fireside. Stanley Baldwin has several married daughters. He is, first and foremost, a family man; and at the age of 56 years he is happier as grandfather than, perhaps, he can expect to be as Prime Minister.

No one can say how long, in these uncertain times, he will remain in office. But if his fall from power were immediate he would still have the satisfaction of knowing, as does Lord Rosebery, that his name is "on the list." He ranks with Pitt, Gladstone and Palmerston.

Stanley Baldwin, educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, is a man of varied interests. But, none the less, he is a good man of business and knows how to answer letters and keep appointments. The real question is whether he has the background, the deeper sagacity which is needed by anyone who would handle with wisdom the present situation in Europe. Bonar Law's successor is generous, high-minded, impulsive, popular but sometimes indiscreet. A more cautious statesman would not have talked as freely, on returning some months ago from an official visit to the United

States, as he did about the alleged mentality of Senators who happen to be farmers from the Middle West. It was a diplomatic blunder. On the other hand, his answer to the reporters after he was appointed Prime Minister was good. "I need," said he, "not your congratulations, but your prayers." Europe is to-day a powder magazine, surrounded by an electric atmosphere. Stanley Baldwin must beware of supplying the spark.

Responsibility sobers all public men. But it cannot be quite forgotten that Baldwin belongs to the extreme wing of the Conservative Party. While he would himself like to establish the broadest possible basis for his admin-

istration, his Die-Hard colleagues threaten secession unless he confines his Cabinet to politicians of their choice. This being so, Baldwin has to face, at once, a suspicious party behind him and a determined Liberal and Labor opposition in front. He has a safe majority as long as it holds together. But it might collapse at any time. And with statesmen like Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, Austen Chamberlain and Asquith more or less against him, Baldwin must expect what Parliamentary scribes call "possibilities." Britain accepts him. He will be given a fair chance. But time alone will show conclusively whether he can make good.

A STANDARD OIL "GO-GETTER" WHO PUNCTURES AN EDISON APHORISM

KENNETH R. KINGSBURY is one of a number of greater American business men who controvert the statement of Thomas A. Edison that "too many college men are afraid of dirt," and his career is cited in evidence that several of the most important industrial prizes have been won lately by college men who deliberately chose to wrestle with dusty difficulties rather than with pens, pencils and ledgers. Possessed of two university degrees, Kingsbury not only began work in overalls, firing boilers at an oil-pumping station, but even accepted a cut in pay from \$75 to \$50 a month and refused to quit under all sorts of discouragements. When promotion did start, however, it came so rapidly that he rose from the Standard Oil ranks to a Standard Oil vice-presidency in ten years and to the presidency of the same company, the Standard Oil Company of California, a few years later, becoming, as a matter of fact, the youngest Standard Oil president on record, at forty-three.

B. C. Forbes relates, in *Forbes Magazine*, that Kingsbury entered the Standard Oil service in 1897, when he was

paid \$60 a month to count pieces of pipe being unloaded from freight cars in construction work for the Southern Pipe Line Company at Chambersburg, Pa. After a year or so, he received word from the superintendent that the construction work having been finished, so was the job, adding that he could give him work as a fireman at one of the pumping stations if Kingsbury cared to tackle it. Kingsbury murmured mentally, "The superintendent, not being a college man, probably hasn't much use for 'educated guys,' and he doesn't think for a moment that I'll take him up. But I will." He wired the superintendent accordingly, and, it is reported, made good on the job.

Later he became a gauger, working twelve hours a day, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, at \$75 a month, until, at the end of two years, he was told that operations were to be shut down and that, as he was the newest man on the job, he was to be the first to go.

From a friendly source he received a tip that there was vacant a \$50-a-month job at 26 Broadway, the famous headquarters of Standard Oil. Kingsbury promptly investigated. He landed the



Courtesy Forbes Magazine

STANDARD OIL LUBRICATED HIS RISE IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

Kenneth R. Kingsbury, though a college graduate, started on the grimy bottom rung of the ladder and became a Standard Oil president at 43.

position, in the accounting department. Still there was no scope for using either his college-acquired scientific knowledge or the sternly practical knowledge he had gathered at pumping stations and working with construction gangs. It took him more than a year to earn—or, at least, receive—a \$5 monthly increase in pay. "There were times when I questioned rather seriously whether a college education was worth anything, after all," he is quoted as saying. "But I was determined to stick to the oil business and, if possible, to Standard Oil, for I reasoned that I had thrown in my lot, such as it was, with a great industry and a great company, where there was plenty of roadway to be traveled before nearing the top."

Eventually a former college mate, whose father was one of the heads of

the sales department at 26 Broadway, gave him a letter of introduction to the latter who was known to be very religious, extremely strict about young men's habits and of a forbidding sternness. It was not without fear and trembling that young Kingsbury approached this official to be subjected to the "third degree." This followed:

"You would like to get into the sales end of the business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me what your experience has been."

Kingsbury did.

"Have you any bad habits?"

"Well, Mr. —, some people call smoking a bad habit. I smoke."

"I call it a bad habit."

The ambitious but crushed youth reached for his hat and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute! Have you got any other bad habits? Do you use liquors?"

"Yes, sir; at times I take a drink, but never during business hours and never to excess—and I never touch it at home because my father wouldn't think of allowing it into the house."

"That's all. If I want you, I'll send for you."

Greatly to Kingsbury's astonishment, the official summoned him to Reading, Pa., as a salesman. Within two months he was brought back to New York and told to go to work in the sales division of the specialty department, which handled a bewildering assortment of by-products. But the instant he encountered the manager of the department, Kingsbury realized that he was not welcome, that this gentleman didn't relish having a raw salesman forced on him by a superior.

Trouble was thus precipitated. The sales manager wanted to sidetrack Kingsbury to bookkeeping. Kingsbury countered by saying, rather firmly, that

he understood he was going to be a salesman. Without attempting to conceal his annoyance, the manager reached over, handed the young man a price book and dismissed him with these words: "Here's a price book. Your territory will be on the other side of the Hudson River, from Fort Lee to the end of Staten Island. Go over and try it—but I don't believe you can make good."

The applicant regarded it as a challenge. Crossing on the ferry, he diligently looked through the price book. Precious few of the products were familiar to him. As he spotted one item, however, which explained itself, namely, "undertakers' candles," he immediately said to himself, "I'll start by concentrating on undertakers' candles."

Boarding the first street car that came along, he walked to the front and took a seat where he could watch the store signs. Presently an undertaker's establishment came into sight.

"What's your price to-day on 4-14's?" asked the undertaker.

The confused novice, not being familiar with the different sizes of undertakers' candles—in fact, he had never heard sizes described—began fumbling through the book for the quotation. He couldn't find it.

"Maybe I can find it for you," remarked the undertaker, reaching for the price list. "You haven't had much experience in this line yet?"

The embryo salesman confessed that

this was his very first call on a customer, in this line. The undertaker gave an order for twenty-five cases.

As Kingsbury subsequently learned, this prompt booking of a substantial order did make a good impression. But, we read, of all the business booked by Kingsbury during the two years he held this job, the bill for this undertaker's candles was the only one that never was paid!

It is recorded, however, that he drummed up a lot of new business which did pay. This was the first position which afforded him scope for initiative. If that price book was mostly Greek to him the first day, he quickly mastered it. He did more. If the company didn't manufacture a thing for which Kingsbury found there was a market, he addressed himself to meeting the situation.

By successive demonstrations of successful salesmanship he began to attract attention and presently was "discovered" by H. M. Tilford, one of the ablest and most important of the Standard Oil leaders, who appropriated him as an assistant in developing the California company, and when the Government ordered the splitting up of the Standard Oil structure into separate units, each to be directed independently, Kingsbury was made its vice-president. Seven years later, in 1919, he was elected to his present position of president.

HIROHITO—A DEMOCRATIC AND PROGRESSIVE CROWN PRINCE

TO the western eye, all Japanese faces seem to be alike. And the Japanese say that to the Asiatic eye all American faces seem to be alike. To draw the mask from the calm countenance of the Crown Prince Hirohito, eldest son and heir apparent of the Mikado, is thus no easy task. To most of us, he is a mere name. To all of us, he ought to be a fact.

First, it is clear that he is Acting

Emperor of Japan. His august father is only 46 years of age, but already ill health has driven him into retirement. Born in 1901, the prince, when barely 21 years old, was called on to sustain a dynasty that has outlasted twenty-five centuries and a hundred generations. Had he been an old-style Mikado, this would not have been difficult. His divine feet would never have touched the ground. His divine face

would never have been seen by his people. His divine ears would never have been assaulted even by their plaudits. Had he attended the play, his profile alone would have faced the stage, lest a glance from his eye strike the actors dead. All his deeds would have been determined by the Shogun or aristocratic Prime Minister, and ratified by the great nobles. The Emperor would have been no more than the incarnation of Japan's virtues and achievements. In him—remote, silent, invisible, impotent—would have been summed up, as it were, the glories of an entire nation. He would have dwelt on earth as unknown as the Grand Llama of Tibet.

But Prince Hirohito is no such dim and remote abstraction. He is Japan's Prince of Wales. He travels. In Paris and London and on his return home, he was seen and cheered by millions. In the Guildhall, London, he made a speech. With the Prince of Wales, he has played golf; and in such sad fashion that the young men thought it most dignified to tear up their cards! Like Lloyd George's round of golf with Aristide Briand, here was a plain indiscretion. Had both princes played well, it would never have done for one to defeat the other. History, however, suspects that both played badly. The pair of illustrious personages, who in politics "can do no wrong," were frequently bunkered.

Among other avocations, the princes bathe, exercise themselves at tennis, laugh over anecdotes and even relapse at times into the gaiety of song, drama and dance. It means that the age-long mystery of the Mikado, at which millions of fans have fluttered and trembled, has been dispelled forever. As Japan has adopted machinery, steamships, railroads, the telegraph, banks, printing, guns and torpedoes, so has she adopted a constitutional monarchy, based not on a religious sanction, but on expediency and statecraft. In Japan, as in Britain, the assumptions of a republic now lurk within the ancient forms of an autocracy. The tidal flood of freedom which swept the Kaiser, the

Czar and the Hapsburgs from their thrones, has reached the shores of Nippon where things can never be again as once they were.

The change in the Japanese court from private to public life is not all. There has arisen the delicate question of marriage. Japanese royalty, like British royalty, has to depend for matrimony on romances made at home. No one suggests for Prince Hirohito a bride from Europe, from Persia, from India or even from China. His wife is to be Japanese. But this fact plunges the court into all the old traditional factional fights between the various still powerful feudal chieftains. Apparently, the Prince has taken things into his own hands by selecting the Princess Nagako to be the future Empress. She is slightly younger than he is; demure; discreet; but liberal in view. Her winsome personality has, however, aroused the blackest passions and fomented the darkest intrigues. For there are two chief clans in Japan—the Choshu which runs the army and the Satsuma which runs the navy. The little Nagako belongs to the Satsumas. Hence the wrath of Prince Yamagata, the militarist, and the complacency of Admiral Kato, who runs the Cabinet! The Choshu have said all that malice can say against the petite betrothed. She had a great aunt who was color-blind. She did not belong to the five most eligible families. The idea of marriage for love was indecent. Let the prince circumnavigate the globe and so forget. The prince did go round the world, but without forgetting, and the princess could not forget, either, for she saw his doings in the movies. However, the romance is still unshattered.

Prince Hirohito is thus the great experiment of the East. He is a modern amid ancients. He is attempting the task of liberalizing a court which proved too hard for King Louis XVI. of France and for the Czar Nicholas of Russia. In India, there are several princes; for instance, the Gaekwar of Baroda, who endeavors to reconcile hereditary power with education and

progress. But they are supported on their thrones by the British Raj. The Emperor of Japan and his heir stand

alone in the oriental world. And theirs will have to be, therefore, the greater discretion.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, ARBITER OF THE THEATER, IS FROM "MISSOURI"

SEATED coatless and vestless at a table-desk in an old-fashioned office suite in West Forty-fifth street, New York, is a considerable figure of a man who is striving to keep cool these summer days while applying Missouri politics to the American theater. To him the stage looks for rescue from the threatening censor, the rapacious producer, the unworthy actor, the snide play and all the other germs that congregate to sicken the profession and alienate the public. In these rooms the future of the American stage will be molded if the producing managers and their chosen Executive Chairman, Augustus Thomas, have their way about it. He was selected for the position in much the same way, and for very similar reasons, that Will H. Hays was taken by the movie producers and Kenesaw Mountain Landis was drafted to head organized professional baseball. Repeatedly he has been called the Will Hays of the theater and the Judge Landis of the stage. There are certain analogies warranting these likenings but, as W. A. Davenport observes, in the *World's Work*, the jobs of Hays and Landis are more like each other than Thomas's is like either.

The Executive Chairman of the Producing Managers Association is pictured as large in stature and of manner. Talk to him fifteen minutes and one has a feeling of having been entrusted by him with great responsibility. His face proclaims shrewd intelligence. There is great humor in his blue, quizzical eyes, and only the orator is possessed of such a flexible mouth. There is not the squareness to his chin nor the hook to his nose that physiognomists insist upon allotting to the aggressive leader of men, but it is idle

to intimate that Augustus Thomas is not a leader.

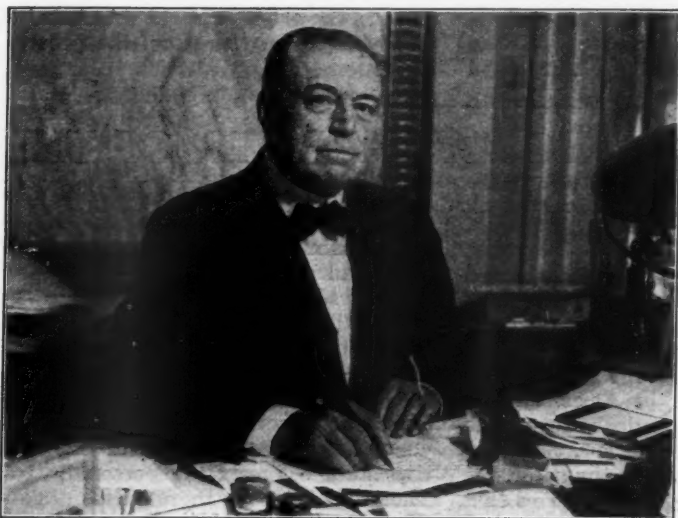
He is almost 64 years old. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and still retains the stamp of it. Pronounce the name Missouri slowly. Dwell long upon and put feeling into the second syllable. Make it Mizzooooooooouuri. The pronunciation of the name of his native state suggests the personality of Thomas. And look there on his desk—that table-desk in the General Grant period office!

A corn-cob pipe!

There are those who would discount his ability as a playwright by saying that Augustus Thomas has orated himself to his current loftiness. They assert that many of his successful plays would never have been sold had he not sold himself first. In other words, they say that Augustus Thomas usually sounds better than his plays. Pure envy and malice, this biographer assures us. Stock companies are still staving off financial collapse with *The Earl of Pawtucket*, *The Witching Hour*, *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*, *The Embassy Ball*, *Arizona*, and *As a Man Thinks*. It is difficult to evolve good reasons for denying Thomas the right to be called the foremost writer of American plays. The accent should be, of course, on American.

Thomas cannot be said to have started life with a purpose. He set out with purposes. Long before he was sixteen years old, at which age he abandoned schoolrooms as a regular habit, he had achieved forensic renown. On Friday afternoons there were declamation exercises in the public schools of St. Louis and the first prize went inevitably to this never-doubting Thomas.

It is possible that there never was a



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DRAMATIST, ORATOR AND STAGE MODERATOR
Augustus Thomas denies that he is "a general clearing house for all theatrical troubles."

youth who had so many careers planned for him by his enthusiastic admirers. A hundred influences pulled him this way and that. Finally he disappointed them all by turning playwright. But in the crosswise pullings he turned his hand and head to many things, and his manifold endeavors are hereupon listed in evidence of the experience that Thomas fetches to his job as Executive Chairman of the Producing Managers Association.

He began as a reporter for a St. Louis newspaper, making an auspicious début by interviewing the prize-winning Leghorn hen at the county fair. They say that the hen was made to say things worthy in every respect of the Augustus Thomas of later years. Suddenly he developed ability as a cartoonist, and although he gave no promise of greatness as an artist he illustrated his own stuff and did it aptly.

He was a debater, of course, and his oratorical fame grew until Missouri politicians fell to counting the days when Thomas would be of voting age and enter politics, taking the stump for Democratic candidates. By way of preparing for politics he took up the study of law in the office of John Colby, a

St. Louis lawyer, later to be his father-in-law.

But the law lost him. He turned to railroading and for six years it seemed that Augustus Thomas had found his groove. Eugene Victor Debs's famous association, The Knights of Labor, was the A. F. of L. of those days and Thomas joined the union. He did more than that; he let no meeting of organized labor pass without taking active part

therein. It took him two or three months to inform the comrades that they had in their midst an orator beside whom the silveriest tongue that Missouri had sent to Congress was but a pewter adenoid.

Politicians who sought to train the lad in the ways of office holding had obtained for him a place as page in the forty-first Congress. Thus young Thomas had heard the worst of them and had learned how not to orate. But to get back to the new voice of labor, it is recorded that such a sensation was Thomas in the halls where Missouri Central Local No. 9, K. of L., was wont to foregather, that erstwhile puny assemblages became raucous crowds.

It is unofficially told that he once headed a delegation of workers that had been commissioned by Local No. 9 to lay before the boss certain grievances that irked the railroaders. Thomas was the first speaker. He was to have been answered by the boss himself who was no orator. Thomas launched forth. He told in detail the desires of his fellows. He continued to glorify labor as a whole. Warming up to his task he delivered an oration that took in the magnificence of the Democratic Party

and the future of America. If the boss was no orator, he was a Democrat. The meeting concluded with a general hand-wringing and a complete victory for the workers. A mystified but satisfied brakeman reported back to the executive committee of Local No. 9:

"I dunno what he said, but we won."

But railroading did not hold him. He became the editor and proprietor of a newspaper that died aborning—the *Kansas City Mirror*. He ran for the Missouri legislature and didn't win. He began writing plays, and has appended his name as author to more than 100 of them.

His first success of any degree was *Editha's Burglar*, a dramatization of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel. It was produced in 1889 and then Thomas came to New York primarily to write plays; but the early Missouri training was not to be shaken off so easily. He continued to dip rather than plunge into politics.

He has sat in the deliberations of the National Democratic Committee. He has stumped the country for every Democratic candidate for the Presidency since and including Bryan. He became a personal friend of Woodrow Wilson and might have been our Minister to Belgium had he agreed to Mr. Wilson's plan to make the appointment. But he has never held political office.

His attitude toward the closed shop for the stage is reflected in the statement that "personally I do not believe that we are ready for a time when every man who gets any money as a wage shall be allied in a class against everybody who pays money as a wage."

Asked if he purposes forestalling state censorship by acting as a censor himself, Chairman Thomas replied in the negative, adding: "I think I shall confine myself to being a moral example instead of a censor. I was interested in the volunteer censorship movement of last spring because official censorship seemed imminent. Not that I have sympathy with any sort of censorship, but I was of the opinion that volunteer censorship was the lesser of

the two evils. As a matter of fact, this office has nothing whatever to do with censorship, although I suppose if the morality of any production of any of the members of the Producing Managers' Association were called into question I should be consulted. As a matter of fact, offenses in the theater are very rare. In thirty years the number of times the police have been asked to interfere in the theater could be counted upon the fingers of one hand."

"There has been quite a lot of misconception connected with this job of mine," says Thomas, in explaining his position. "My official post does not constitute me a general clearing house for all theatrical troubles. I am concerned only with the things that come before the association for decision."

"Have you stopped writing plays?"

"No," he replied. "No one ever does. It is an incurable disease. I have written a new one in collaboration with John Tainter Foote, and George Cohan is going to produce it one of these days."

"Will you ever act again?"

"Only if there is a three-alarm call. Otherwise I shall behave myself. You know, I act only in emergencies. It was back in 1890 or thereabout that I made my debut as an emergency actor. Maurice Barrymore, who was playing the lead in my *A Man of the World*, was taken sick. I hopped in. I was not a complete loss as an understudy either, although I cannot recall any great controversy concerning the relative abilities of Mr. Barrymore and myself. I did a similar job of pinch-acting in another of my own plays, *Nemesis*. Emmett Corrigan was playing the lead. He became ill just before the curtain went up. There was nothing for me to do but play the part. Fortunately, Mr. Corrigan's recovery was rapid."

Mr. Thomas's contract stipulates that he shall continue as Executive Chairman of the Producing Managers' Association for three years. It is entirely likely that he will not be subjected to a real test until the agreement between the Equity and the managers expires.

THE SUPREME COURT IN HISTORY AND IN RECENT CONTROVERSY

THE Supreme Court of the United States was instituted in a revolutionary epoch, passed through the fires of a civil war, and has always had to meet a certain amount of criticism. Just because of these facts, Chief Justice Taft made a clear hit, in an address the other day at the unveiling of a monument to Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, when he contrasted the criticism of the Court during the reconstruction era with adverse comment recently heard. "The verdict of the country in retrospect," he said, "as between the fever heat of the radical Republicans in those tempestuous times against constitutional hindrance, on the one hand, and the restraining decisions of the Court, on the other, is with the Court. The people now are glad the guarantees of personal liberty were maintained by the Court against the partisan zeal of the then majority. The Court survived the inevitable attacks upon its jurisdiction, as it had survived them so many times before."

At the same time, so much evidence of dissatisfaction with the Supreme Court is accumulating, and so many proposals to curb its powers have been seriously made within recent weeks, that it be-

hooves both friends and foes of what has been called "the greatest judicial tribunal in existence" to acquaint themselves with the actual facts of current controversy concerning the Court.

The present opposition to the Supreme Court comes from members of both branches of Congress and is largely centered on so-called "one-man" decisions, this term having reference to decisions rendered as a result of a five-to-four vote of the nine members of the Court.

The La Follette progressives are planning to introduce a bill which will make it possible for Congress to override the Supreme Court by a two-thirds vote.

Senator Borah thinks that the Constitution should be amended so as to provide: "That if the Supreme Court assumes to decide any law of Congress unconstitutional, or, by interpretation, undertakes to assert a public policy at variance with the statutory declaration of Congress—which alone under our system is authorized to determine the public policies of government—the Congress may by reenacting the law nullify the action of the Court."

Senator Ladd is on record as taking this position:

NEW CRITICISMS OF THE SUPREME COURT

"There are two big outstanding problems before America to-day that must soon be solved. One is control of the judiciary; the other is solution of the railroad question. The people have lost confidence in our courts, which have taken over powers it was never intended they should have."—Henry Ford, presidential possibility.

"In my opinion, Congress has been immorally lax in its duty in quietly permitting the Supreme Court to assume various powers, and it is our duty to the people to see that an end is put to this gradual usurpation of power by the Court."—Senator Ladd, of North Dakota.

"There can be no doubt that recent decisions have in a measure undermined the great respect which our people should entertain for the Supreme Court."—Senator Borah, of Idaho.

"It is notable that in practically every case of importance involving employment relations and the protection of humanity, the Court ranges itself on the side of property and against humanity."—Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

"No act of Congress should be declared unconstitutional unless by a vote of eight members of the Supreme Court, and no act of any sovereign state legislature should be declared unconstitutional by a vote of less than seven members."

Senator - elect Fess would require the Supreme Court to vote six to three before it could declare a law unconstitutional.

Representative Frear would go further than all of these in requiring a unanimous vote on questions involving the constitutionality of an act. He is also in favor of the "recall" as applied both to judges and decisions.

This phalanx of critics feel that their attitude is justified, and more than justified, by recent Supreme Court decisions. There was, first, the income-tax decision, in which the Court reversed itself and made a constitutional amendment necessary. There were, second, the two child labor law decisions, blocking humanitarian legislation. There was, third, the minimum wage law decision, again thwarting a humanitarian impulse. All of these, with the exception of the last, were "five to four decisions." The last would undoubtedly also have been a "five to four decision" if Justice Brandeis had participated.

"I feel very sincerely," Senator Borah is quoted in the *New York Tribune* as saying, "that a law which has had the approval of both the other departments of the government as being constitu-

THE SUPREME COURT, AND THE WORLD COURT, DEFENDED

"If we have a nation, with the immense advantage of national authority adequate to meet all national needs, and at the same time are able to prevent the unseemly clashes of legislative power and to maintain a desirable local autonomy, it is because we have the Supreme Court of the United States, through which differences can be reconciled and the Constitution upheld.

"If controversies over legal rights are to be determined peacefully, there must be a tribunal to determine them. This is true, I may say, in international as well as in national affairs, and the American love of peace and sense of right, and the conviction born of our own experience, have made it a definite part of American policy that we should do all in our power to secure provision for the peaceful settlement of international disputes by the establishment of a permanent tribunal of international justice. Our particular interests as a nation require it, in order to give more adequate protection to our own rights; the interests of world peace demand it."
—Secretary of State Hughes, speaking at the Kent Centennial Celebration at Columbia University.

tional ought not to be held void upon a mere five to four decision or ought not to turn upon a single view or the opinion of one judge, for that is the effect." He makes further comment:

"These five to four decisions are forcing constant agitation for constitutional amendments. The income tax decision brought an amendment. The child labor decision has brought a proposal to amend the Constitution which has been reported favorably by the Judiciary Committee. The minimum wage law decision will undoubtedly call

for another proposal. It seems to me that we ought to avoid, if possible, these five to four decisions."

There is another side to the controversy, of course, and a number of papers are eager to present it. The United States are based on a written constitution. A written constitution implies a court capable of interpreting it. This court is bound to reject legislation conflicting with the Constitution, however high-minded that legislation may happen to be.

The *Newark News* resents the idea that in such decisions as those involving child labor and a minimum wage for women the Supreme Court has deliberately thwarted humanitarian motives. It says:

"The Supreme Court as a matter of fact has recently done these things by majority vote:

"Declared unconstitutional an act of

Congress forbidding goods which were the product of child labor to be transported in interstate commerce. It is not a decision in favor of child labor except in so far as it declares that the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution can not be so extended as against the other clauses of the Constitution which give the states authority over such matters of health and welfare. The proper remedy is either arousing the consciences of the backward states, a differently based law, or, less wisely, a constitutional amendment.

"It has declared unconstitutional a minimum wage law for women, not because it sought to create the minimum living wage, but because it was held to violate the right of a woman as an individual to sell goods and services at prices set by herself. If a minimum wage law is really desirable the remedy is again either a constitutional amendment, which, of course, leaves more for the court to construe and is very difficult to repeal if we should change our minds, or an endeavor to find a rule of reason which will strike the balance on the right of an individual at that point where he or she has no right to contract to the harm of society."

A background for all the issues involved in this discussion may be found in the three-volume work, "The Supreme Court in United States History" (Little, Brown), by Charles Warren, which has lately been awarded a \$2,000 Pulitzer Prize. We can read here how the Supreme Court exercised, as far back as 1792, its power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional. We can also read how the vehemence of the present attacks upon this exercise by the Court of its authority was even exceeded in those early days of constitutional history, and how the same interests which demanded that the Court be destroyed when it rendered a decision contrary to their desires, were equally emphatic in extolling it when its decision coincided with their wishes.

Mr. Warren believes, as Chief Justice Taft believes, that the position of the Court is stronger to-day than ever, and that time has vindicated most of its decisions. He supports these statements by specific references to Court decisions taken from every period in its history.

Going back as far as the days of President Jefferson and meeting the frequent charges of partisanship, he points out that judges appointed by Jefferson and Madison did not hesitate to join with Chief Justice Marshall in sustaining and developing the strongly Nationalistic interpretation of the Constitution so obnoxious to Jefferson. In every case involving slavery, anti-slavery judges joined with pro-slavery judges in rendering the decisions. "In fact," Mr. Warren maintains, "nothing is more striking in the history of the Supreme Court than the manner in which the hopes of those who expected a judge to follow the political views of the President appointing him have been disappointed."

Popular confidence in the strength and integrity of the Court has been further heightened, according to Mr. Warren, by widespread knowledge of the fact that at all times the Court has received the aid, the support and the criticism of a Bar of the highest ability, comprising lawyers from every section of the country.

Another factor which has strengthened the Court in popular confidence has been the voluntary limitation upon the exercise of its own power which the Court has adopted as a rule of practice. This limitation was first set forth by Judge Iredell in 1798, when he stated that, as the authority to declare a statute void "is of a delicate and awful nature, the Court will never resort to that authority, but in a clear and urgent case."

Another noteworthy fact to which Mr. Warren calls attention is that the Court has always scrupulously refrained from assuming any authority to decide the policy or impolicy of legislation. Mr. Warren writes, finally:

"No institution of government can be devised which will be satisfactory at all times to all people. But it may truly be said that, in spite of necessary human imperfections, the Court to-day fulfills its function in our national system better than any instrumentality which has ever been advocated as a substitute."

AMERICAN AND ASIATIC ART COMBINED IN THE FREER GALLERY

THE opening of the Freer Gallery in Washington is hailed not only as an artistic event of international importance, but also as a new illustration of American idealism and generosity. This Gallery houses a collection which was offered to the nation in 1904 and was accepted by President Roosevelt during his administration. It represents the life-dream of Charles L. Freer, a business man of the type that one likes to contemplate. Mr. Freer was born in Kingston, New York. He built up a fortune in Detroit, Michigan. He collected pictures and works of art, and, as he collected, conceived the desire to combine American and Asiatic schools—"to unite modern work with masterpieces of certain periods of high civilization, harmonious in physical and spiritual suggestion, having the power to broaden esthetic culture and the grace to elevate the human mind."

In pursuance of this aim Mr. Freer made no less than five journeys to China; visited England and came into intimate association with J. McNeill Whistler; and bought the paintings of contemporary artists. He concentrated on Whistler. He specialized in the gathering of Oriental paintings and jade, bronzes and sculptures, porcelains and potteries.

The result is a unique collection appealing to several different kinds of connoisseurs. We find, for instance, Louisine W. Havemeyer devoting an article in *Scribner's Magazine* to the Oriental side of the collection, while Joseph Pennell, in the *New York Times*, thinks mainly of what he describes as "the most comprehensive gathering of Whistler's works in existence." Mr. Pennell speaks with special enthusiasm of the Peacock Room, made by Whistler for the British ship-owner F. R. Leyland, and now re-assembled with its "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" hanging where it belongs.

There are more than 4,000 works in the collection, but only a few, comparatively speaking, are on exhibition at any given time. Elisabeth Luther Cary, art-critic of the *New York Times*, who visited the Gallery soon after its opening, tells of the impressions left by rooms dedicated to Oriental sculptures. "In one gallery is a Bodhisattva of the sixth century, quite alone, slim-waisted, heavy-headed, bending backward, like a Madonna of the French Gothic type, but with a stronger body and more powerful limbs." In a room of Japanese screens, "the remoteness of Chinese paintings changes to a more vivid sense of attraction of color and the decorated uses of composition. Here are two screens by Sabatsu, paintings of waves leaping and clutching at drooping pine branches, clambering and mounting among rocks. And here in contrast to these majestic designs are Koetsu screens on which mischievous cats play and pounce among household objects." The description continues:

"Then we come to the American section, by which the collector supported his theory of the unity of East and West in art. The theory will be questioned. There will be a preponderance of sightseers among the visitors to the gallery for a few years certainly, and to these casual visitors—to most of them—the collections will seem strangely assorted. The public is richly prepared for any collector's interest in the early paintings and potteries of the East. The museums have seen to that, and also some of the modern artists. That will offer no stumbling block. Nor will the Whistlers offer any. We all have been prepared even for the splendor of this vast representation of his art, and Whistler bears comparison with the treasures of Eastern art not only by his easy grasp of the principles of Eastern decoration, but by his deeper aesthetic instinct reaching far below the surface to the source at which both East and West have drunk.

"It is not, however, quite so easy to find the special appropriateness of the other artists to the very special companionship



Courtesy New York Times

THE COURT OF THE FREER GALLERY

The rooms of the newly opened gallery in Washington donated to the nation by Charles L. Freer are grouped about a central court in which are peacocks, a playing fountain and blooming azaleas.

prepared for them. Their general appropriateness lies, of course, in their persistent search for beauty, and in the quietness of their method."

Miss Cary speaks at this point of the examples shown of Abbott Thayer's art; of "a stony beautiful head" by George de Forest Brush; of Sargent's "Breakfast in a Loggia"; of water colors by Winslow Homer; of landscapes by Tryon; of a room dedicated to Thomas Dewing. Then she says:

"The Whistlers are a chapter by themselves, or a volume. The variety of Whistler is shown and his genius. From the Peacock Room, in which his original design is almost reproduced, to the slight imperious little pastels fluttering across the walls like flower petals blown by a discriminating breeze, he is given to the nation to enjoy. The portrait of Mr. Freer is in the group, a small head, characterized with Whistler's peculiar inattention to formula and the traditions fixed by other painters. It is the key-note of the gallery for those who read it without indirection."

This collection of Whistlers, taken in conjunction with the "Whistleriana" contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell

to the library of Congress, may have the effect of drawing to Washington students of Whistler as Madrid attracts admirers of Velasquez. Mr. Pennell insists:

"It is of the greatest importance that the collections, Freer's and others, should be increased; that all the works of Whistler that can be got should be gathered together in what once was and must be again the intellectual capital of the land, where there is a beginning, and where there should not only be these national collections of art—free to those who care—how

few they are!—but where there should be held the annual Salon which would attract the world, or the best people in the world. It would pay just as the Louvre pays and the Salon pays in Paris."

In an editorial appreciation of Freer and his generosity, the *Christian Science Monitor* says: "It is possible to criticize Freer and his gift in detail. It may be thought he was mistaken at times, but no one could think him anything but generous. Objection may be made to his methods of selection and exhibition, but not to his enthusiasm as collector, nor his patriotism in presenting his collections to his country. His gift was munificent, and, as his name will go down with it to future generations, he cannot be forgotten." The *Monitor* continues:

"All his fellow citizens are his heirs, because Freer made his gift not to his town of Detroit, not to his State of Michigan, but to the United States. Washington, which should lead, has lagged far behind in matters of art. It needs only a few more millionaire collectors to follow his example, and Washington as an art center may rival the capitals of Europe."

A DOCTOR'S INDICTMENT OF PRESENT-DAY LITERATURE

THERE are many sick souls in the world—far more than is suspected. Very few, comparatively, of them are confined in institutions or cloistered in religious retreats or universities. The majority of them toil to gain their daily bread. They are the chief consumers of cloudy stuff and mystic literature." So Joseph Collins writes in his new volume of psychological studies of life and letters, "The Doctor Looks at Literature" (Doran). It is Dr. Collins' contention that just because there is so much psychological sickness, the writers and purveyors of literature—and especially of fiction which is read more than all other literature combined—owe a duty to themselves and to the public.

The actual facts of the literary situation, as Dr. Collins goes on to elaborate it, are depressing in the extreme. His book is of the type of Max Nordau's "Degeneration," and is, in its class, one of the most noteworthy that has appeared since that massive masterpiece.

Taking up, first of all, the case of James Joyce in a chapter entitled "Ireland's Latest Literary Antinomian," Dr. Collins says: "He is determined that we shall know the effect the 'world,' sordid, turbulent, disorderly, steeped in alcohol and saturated with jesuitry, had upon an emotional Celt, an egocentric genius whose chief diversion has been blasphemy and keenest pleasure self-exaltation, and whose lifelong important occupation has been keeping a note-book in which he has recorded incident encountered and speech heard with photographic accuracy and Boswellian fidelity. . . . It is likely that there is no one writing English to-day who could parallel his feat, and it is also likely that few would care to do it were they capable. This statement requires that it be said at once that Mr. Joyce has seen fit to use words and phrases which the entire world has covenanted not to use and which people in general, cul-

tured and uncultured, civilized and savage, believers and heathens, have agreed shall not be used because they are vulgar, vicious and vile."

Passing on to Marcel Proust, "the greatest psychological novelist of his time," Dr. Collins informs us that in "Sodom et Gomorrhe" this amazing writer did the impossible. "He talked with frankness and with a tone of authority of an enigmatic, inexplicable aberration of nature, inversion of the genic instinct, which antedates possibly by millions of years the differentiation of man from anthropoid stock; which has always been with us, now the patent of good form, the badge of intellectual superiority, the hallmark



Photo by Arnold Genthe

HE SEES POISON AND WARNS AGAINST IT
Dr. Joseph Collins, neurologist and psychiatrist, declares that some of our books should be labeled "poison, to be used with care." "The contents properly used may be beneficial, even life-saving. They may do harm, great harm."

of esthetic refinement, as in the days of Hellenic supremacy; now the stigma of sin, the scarlet letter of infamy, the key of the bottomless pit, as to-day; and which unquestionably will always continue to be with us."

In a later chapter entitled "Even Yet It Can't Be Told—The Whole Truth About D. H. Lawrence," Dr. Collins uncovers not only a broad streak of homosexuality, but also a positive delight in sadism and masochism. "The Marquis de Sade was a mere novice in depicting the transports of lust that result from inflicting injury or causing humiliation compared with Mr. Lawrence; and as for Sacher-Masoch, who worked on the other side of the shield, he merely staked out the claim for a young Britisher to cultivate."

There are also chapters on Dorothy Richardson; on "Two Literary Ladies of London: Katherine Mansfield and Rebecca West"; on "Two Lesser Literary Ladies of London: Stella Benson and Virginia Woolf"; on W. T. Barbellion, author of "The Journal of a Disappointed Man"; and on "Georges Duhamel, Poet, Pacifist and Physician." Dr. Collins finds much to praise in some of these writers—his whole book, indeed, is an expression of what, in the Freudian terminology, can best be described as "ambivalent" sentiment—but the total effect he conveys is a negative and not a positive one. "It is the history of panics, epidemics, revivals and other emotional episodes," he remarks, "that they always recur. The present generation is fated to be fed on novels embodying the Freudian theories of consciousness and personality. Like certain bottles sent out from the pharmacist, they should have a label 'poison, to be used with care.' The contents properly used may be beneficial, even life-saving. They may do harm, great harm."

In a closing chapter Dr. Collins speaks of the prevalence of "nervous prostration" (often leading to insanity) among young women of gentle birth in America to-day. There are literally thousands of such cases, he says, with

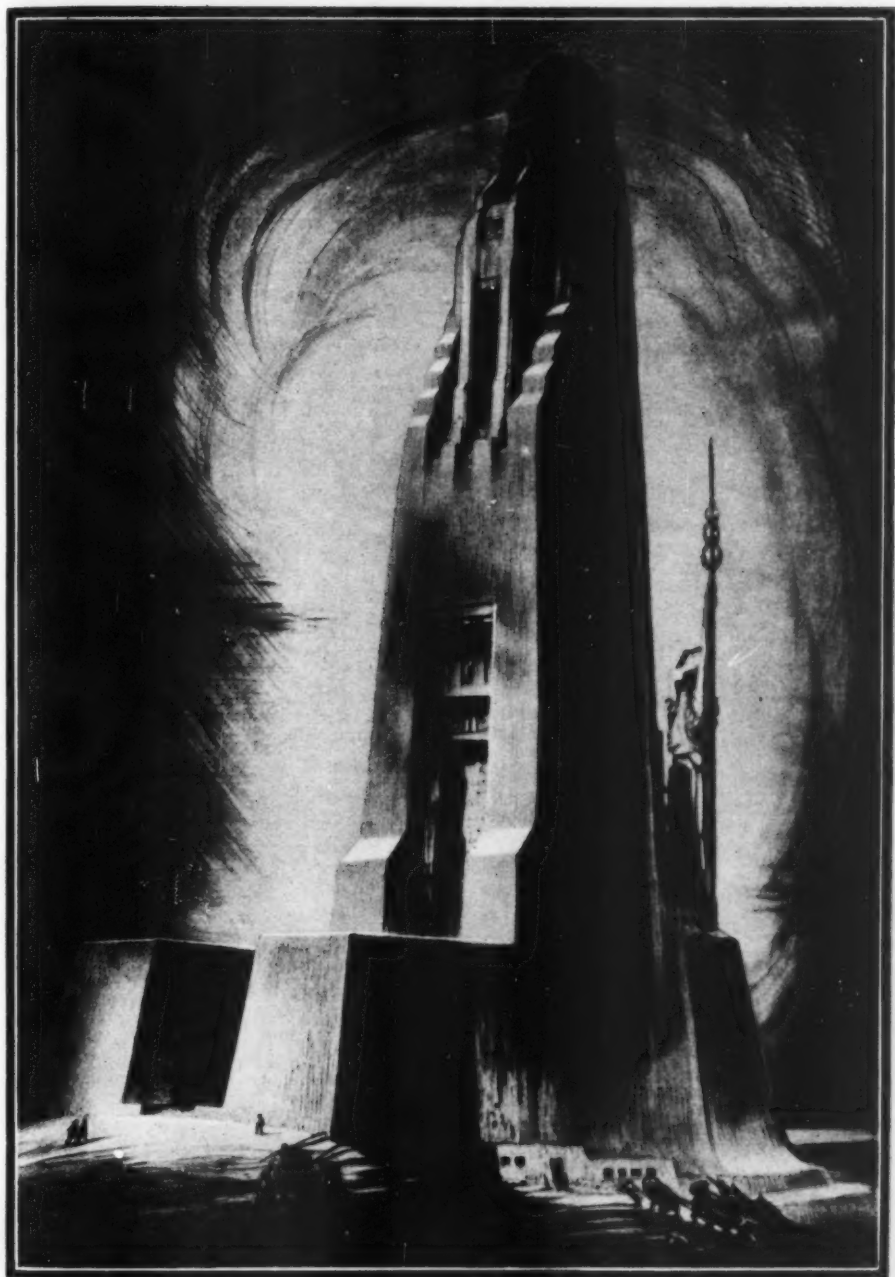
phases of acute maladjustment to business and family life; with suicidal attempts, with stages of violence, indifference, tranquillity, resignation that sometimes culminate happily in restoration to normal activities. If only one such woman can be induced to tell the story of her abnormality, say ten years after a cure has been effected, telling us what she has done to keep well and how her orientation has differed from that of the ten years following puberty, she will make a human document of real value, according to Dr. Collins. He concludes:

"Meanwhile, should she be disposed to do something for future psychopaths, she may record the experiences of her life from childhood to the period of full development, and particularly of the decade following her fifth year. If she will do this with the truthfulness of James Joyce, the chasteness of Dorothy M. Richardson, and the fullness of Marie Bashkirtseff, it may be said of her: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'"

"It may be literature to describe one's fellow inmates of a psychopathic hospital, to portray their adult infantilisms, to delineate their schizophrenias, to recount their organized imageries, but it does not contribute to our knowledge of insanity, how to prevent it, and how to cure it.

"We need intrepid souls who will bare their psychic breasts and will tell us, without fear or shame, of their conventionalized and primitive minds: how the edifice was constructed, the secrets of the architect and of the builder. If Dostoevsky had been insane, not epileptic, the literature of psychiatry would to-day be vastly more comprehensive."

The entire book appeals to Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the *New York Tribune*, as extraordinarily interesting—"probably as interesting, *qua* literary criticism, as any book of literary criticism recently published." Mr. Rascoe continues: "To me there is not a dull page in the book, even when I remember that Dr. Collins' command of English is faulty and ineffective and that he does not know how to marshal his arguments."



Courtesy *L'Illustration*

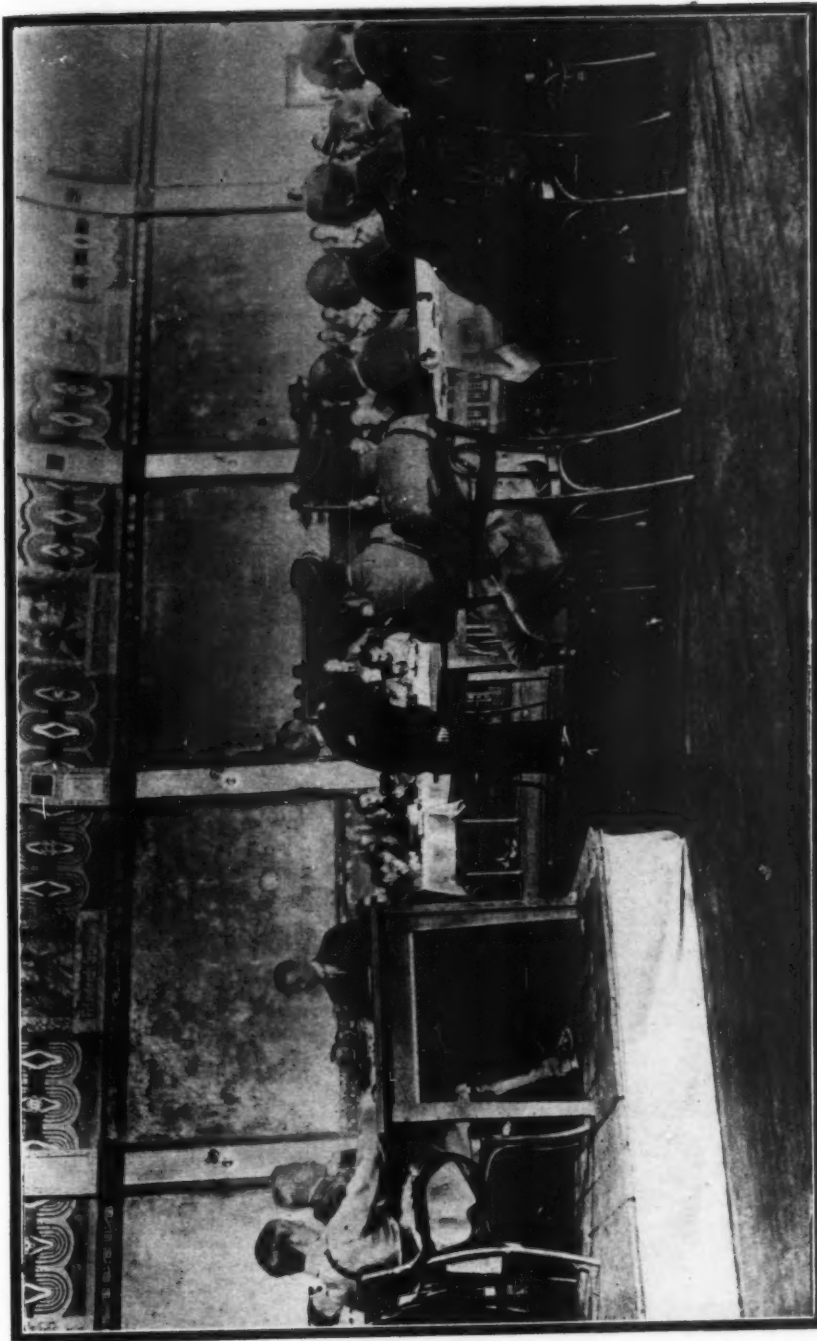
HUGE MONUMENT DEDICATED TO THE A. E. F. TO BE ERECTED NEAR BORDEAUX, FRANCE,
WHERE LA FAYETTE SAILED FOR AMERICA

French soldier-artists, under the French sculptor Bartholome, will shape this super-Statue of Liberty,
with the figure of a French woman gazing seaward for the arrival of the American troops.



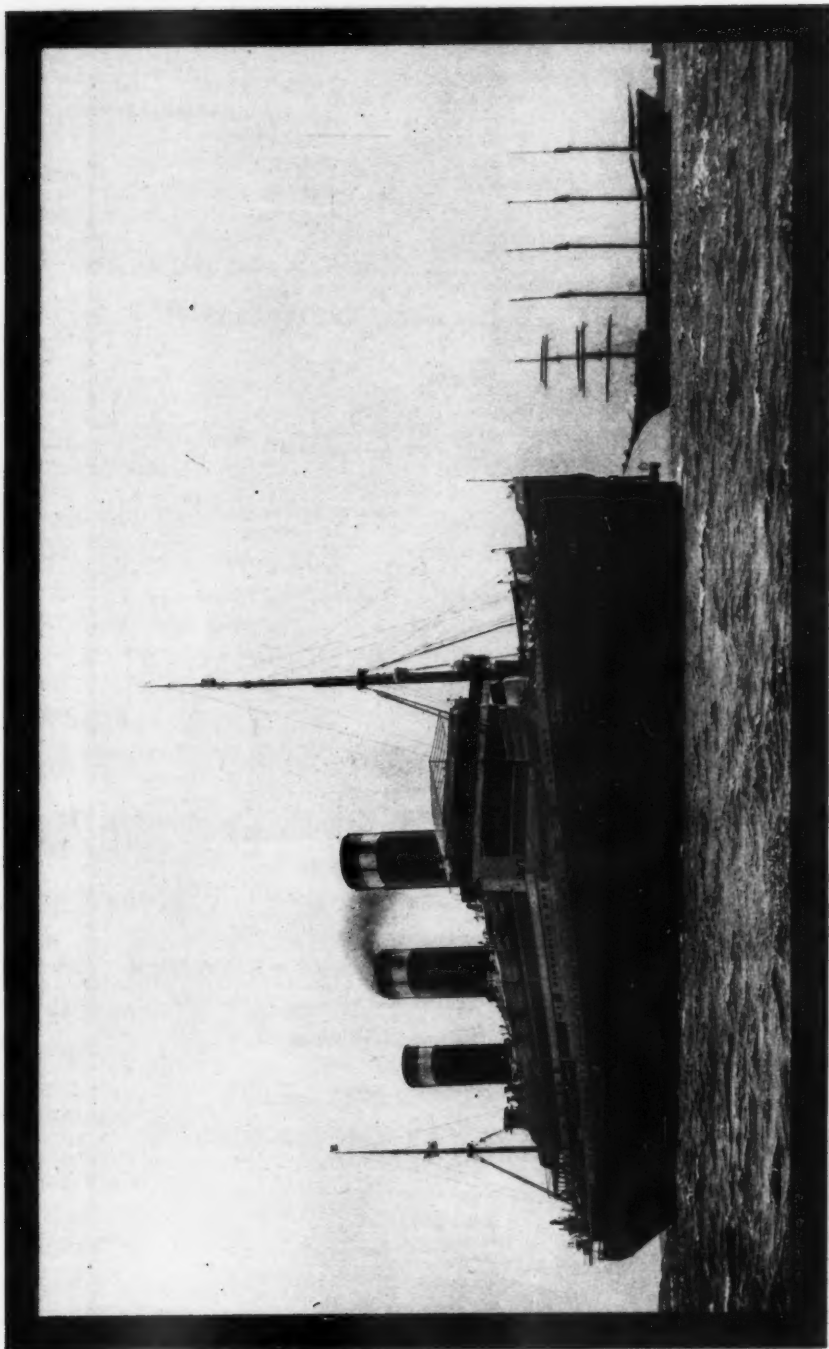
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THIS IS THE MYSTERIOUS "BIG BERTHA," NAMED AFTER BERTHA KRUPP, WHICH SHELLED PARIS. Its location, some 70 miles from the French capital, is not made public, but its 200-pound projectiles were driven by a super-explosive from a tube 125 feet in length. Note the forest camouflage.



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DR. GUSTAV VON BOHLEN-HOLBACH IS SENTENCED TO 15 YEARS IMPRISONMENT AND TO PAY 100,000,000 MARKS (\$2,750) FINE. The head of the Krupp Works at Essen, who married Bertha Krupp, stands facing the French court that convicted him of inciting resistance to French soldiery who visited the Krupp Works to requisition automobiles.



© LEVICK

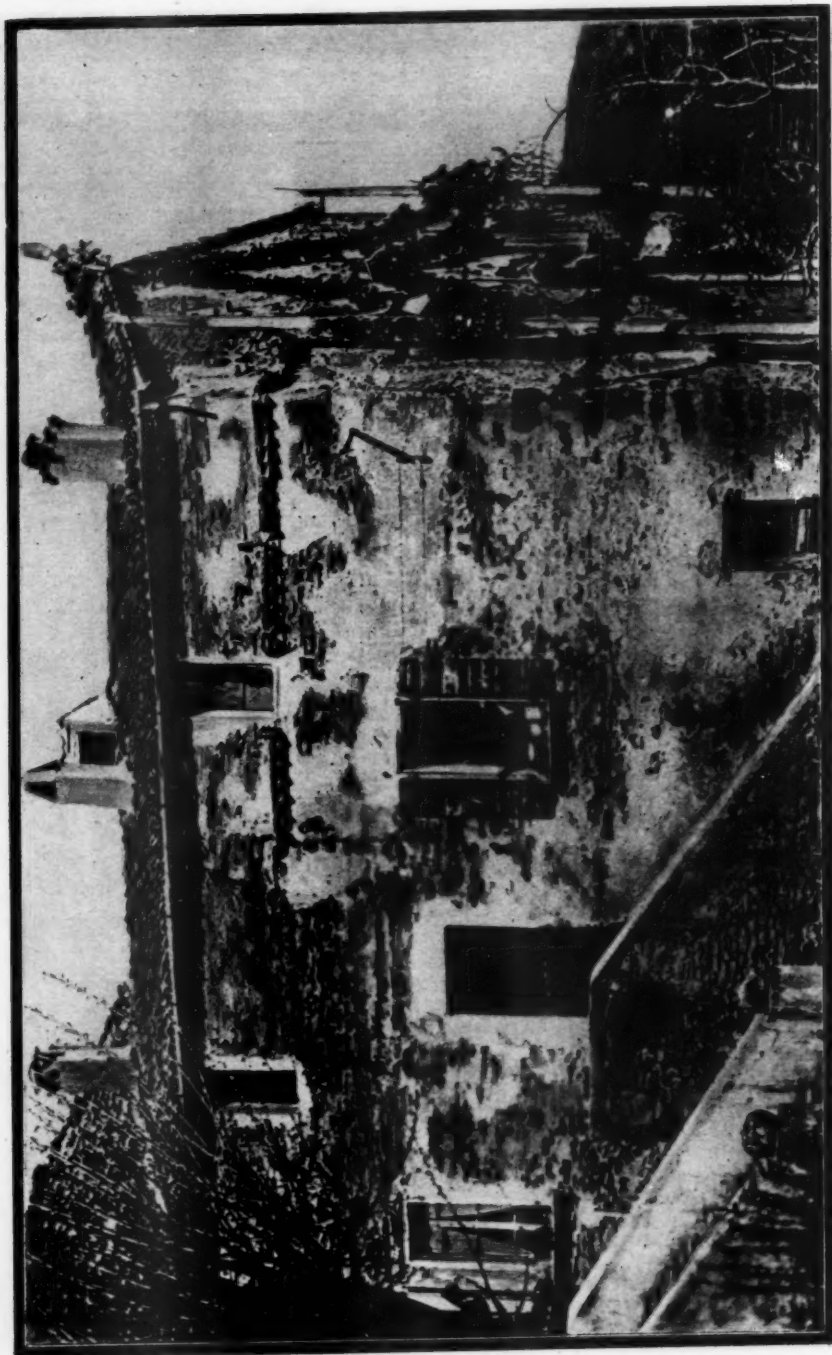
THE LEVIATHAN, ONCE THE VATERLAND, SAILS FOR EUROPE JULY FOURTH, COSTING UNCLE SAM SOME \$8,500,000. That much was spent in reconditioning this "Empress of the Seas," rated at 59,956 tons, equipped with 359,109 pieces of china, glassware and silver-ware, a \$100,000 menu and some tons of linens and blankets, for her maiden voyage as an American liner.



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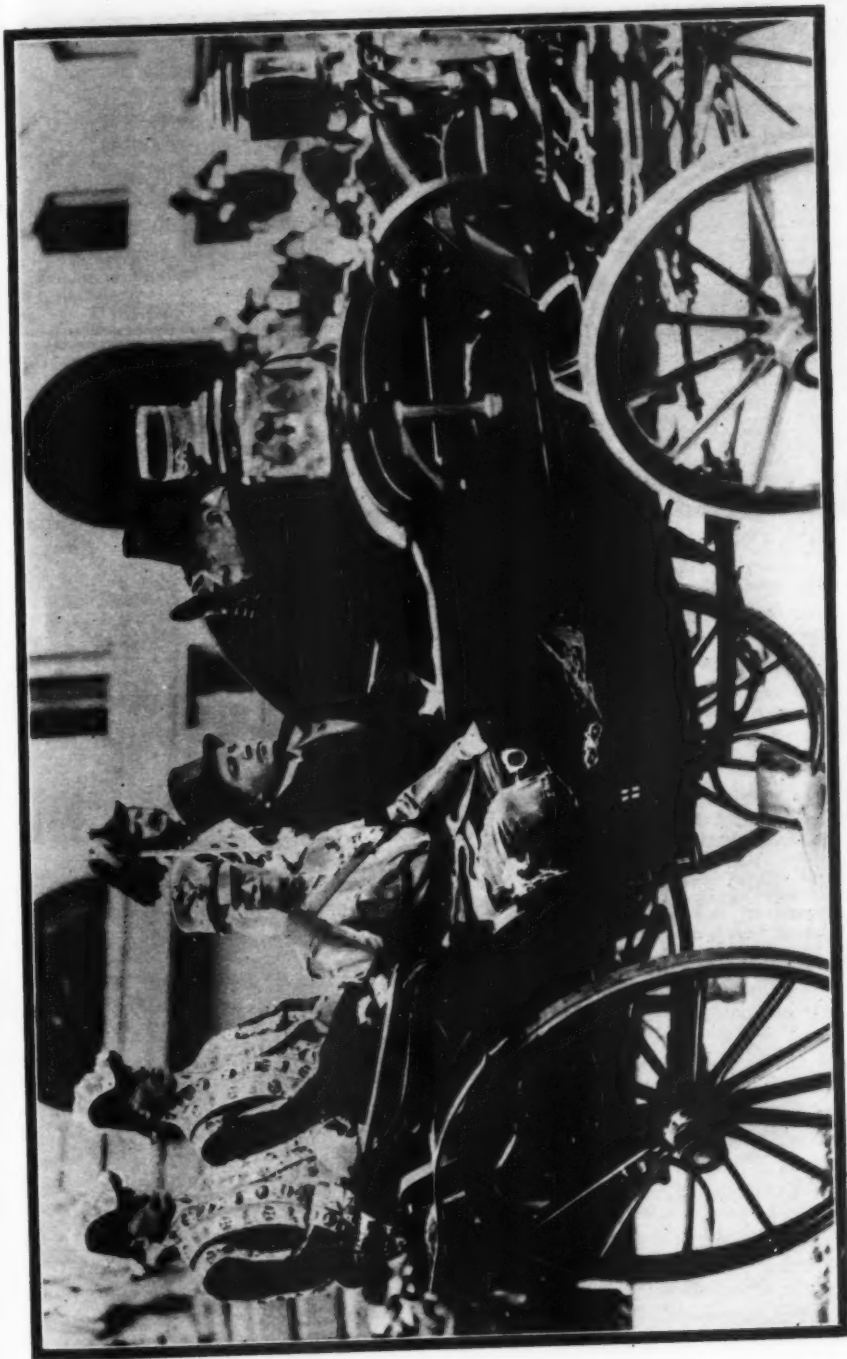
"OUR PRESIDENT" HANGS IN THE S.S. LEVIATHAN

This painting, by Howard Chandler Christy, replaces that of the former Kaiser, in the former *Vaterland*, once the pride of the German marine.

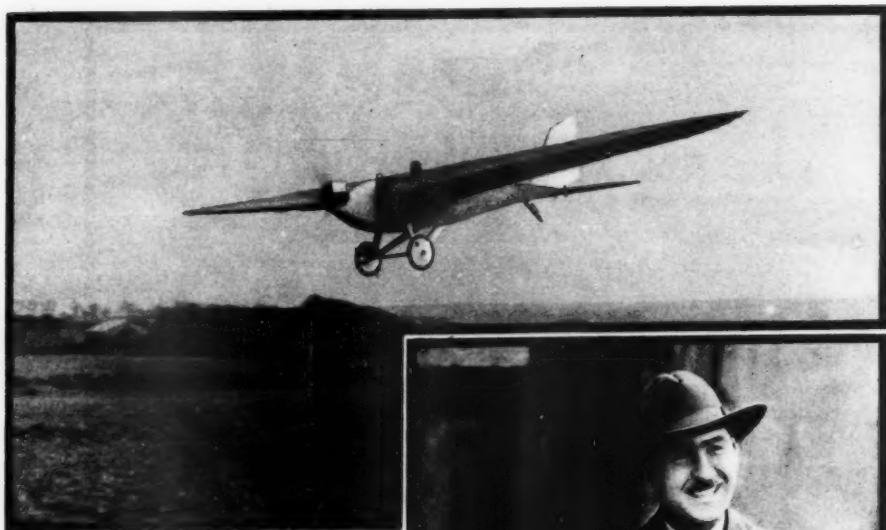


© Keystone View Co.

IT WAS HERE THAT THE LEADER OF THE FASCISTI WAS BORN 43 YEARS AGO
The house, in Predappio, Italy, is shown in its original state and promises to be a shrine for the followers of Signor Mussolini, whom King George of
England created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath

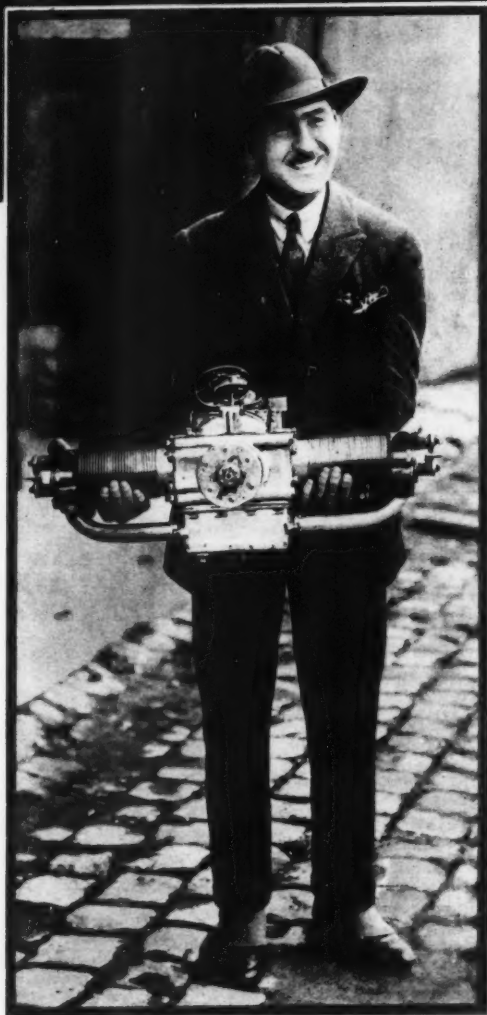


● Wide World
WHEN THE BLACKSMITH'S SON RIDES ABROAD WITH THE KING OF ITALY
Premier Mussolini is seated beside Victor Emmanuel in the royal carriage being driven through the streets of Milan at the opening of the Sample Fair.



ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHAN-
NEL AND BACK IN A GLIDER
IS A NEW FEAT IN AERO-
NAUTICS

Georges Barbot, French aviator,
now in America, accomplished his
remarkable air trip from France
to England and return with a 15-
h.p. monoplane, consuming much
less than a gallon of gasoline.



NEW WINNERS OF THE PULITZER PRIZES

ONE of the most admirable of the benefactions of Joseph Pulitzer, editor and proprietor of the New York *World*, was that which provided annual awards for meritorious performance in literature and journalism. These awards are made by juries selected from the teaching staff of the School of Journalism established at Columbia University under Mr. Pulitzer's will, and are growing in prestige from year to year because they are felt to represent intelligent and distinguished judgment.

The \$1,000 prize for the American novel which "best presents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" goes this year to Willa Cather for her novel "One of Ours." This is a war novel which disputes honors with John R. Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers" and Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat." It tells the story of an Iowa boy, "a kind of young Hamlet of the prairies," who found a great release in the World War. Miss Cather has long been recognized as one of our most gifted American writers, and has lately been the subject of an appreciation by J. Middleton Murry in the London *Nation and Athenæum*.

The \$1,000 prize for the American play performed in New York which "best represents the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners," was awarded to Owen Davis for his "Icebound." This play was summarized and in large part reproduced in the May issue of *CURRENT OPINION*.

The \$1,000 prize for "the best reportorial work of the year, the test being strict accuracy, terseness and the accomplishment of some public good commanding public attention and respect," went to Alva Johnson for his reports in the New York *Times* of the proceedings of the convention of the American

Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Cambridge, Mass., last December. Mr. Johnson is now on the staff of the New York *Herald*.

The \$1,000 prize for the best volume of verse by an American poet was given to Edna St. Vincent Millay for her volumes entitled "The Ballad of the Harp Weaver," "A Few Figs from Thistles" and "A Miscellany." Miss Millay's debut as a poet was made in 1912 in "The Lyric Year," an anthology edited by Ferdinand Earle. Since then she has grown steadily in power and significance. Her gift, according to Carl Van Doren, literary editor of the *Century*, lies in the fact that she reveals women as they really are, and not as they are expected or supposed to be.

The \$1,000 prize for the best American biography "teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people" belongs to Burton J. Hendrick for "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." This book has been lately praised by Viscount Esher in the London *Quarterly Review* as "one of the noblest biographies in our language," and undoubtedly influenced the English decision to erect a memorial to Mr. Page in Westminster Abbey.

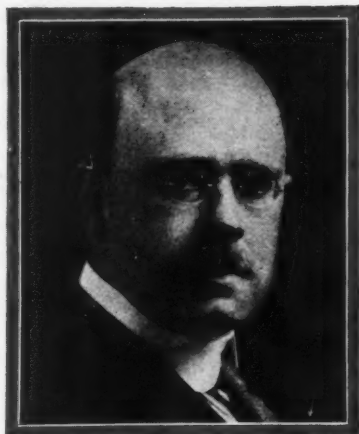
The largest prize, \$2,000, for the best work of the year on the history of the United States went to Charles Warren for "The Supreme Court in United States History," a monumental work in three volumes, reviewed in this issue of *CURRENT OPINION*. Mr. Warren was Assistant Attorney-General of the United States from 1914 to 1918.

The \$500 prize for "the best editorial article, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning and power to influence public opinion in the right direction," was awarded to William Allen White for an editorial entitled "To An Anxious Friend" in the *Emporia Gazette*. The "friend" indicated was Gov. Henry J. Allen, and the editorial was occasioned

by the famous dispute between the two over the Industrial Court Law of Kansas. Mr. White's contention is summed up in the passage:

"You say that freedom of utterance is not for the time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also: only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed it is most vital to justice. . . .

"So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason has never failed men. Only force and expression have made the wrecks in the world."



BURTON J. HENDRICK



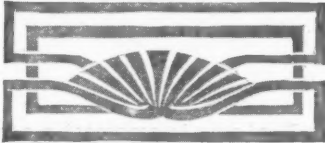
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



ALVA JOHNSON



CHARLES WARREN



WILLA CATHER



OWEN DAVIS

THE STRANGEST WAR PICTURE OF OUR TIME

IT is long since any painting has aroused the kind of discussion which greeted the appearance, in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, of Sir William Orpen's "To the Unknown British Soldier in France." The picture is said to have stirred all London, and involves a story that Vasari, the great biographer of artists, would have loved to tell. It is "a satire on international politics, a leading article in color and design," according to a writer in the *London Daily Chronicle*. "Even if the painting were not a good one," the *Manchester Guardian* adds, "it would be interesting to see educated English people exciting themselves publicly about something other than sport and conventional trivialities."



© Wide World

HE SACRIFICED \$10,000 FOR THE LUXURY OF SELF-EXPRESSION

Sir William Orpen had been commissioned by the British War Museum to make three Peace Conference pictures. He delivered the first two, but when he came to the third he felt that he couldn't go on. He rubbed out politicians, generals and admirals, and left the figures of two soldiers guarding the coffin of an unknown comrade.

The design of the painting is extraordinarily simple. In the foreground is a bier of the unknown warrior, guarded by two hideous scarecrows, British soldiers, green in color, covered with filthy rags and apparently risen from their graves. Behind them is a wall of the "Hall of Peace" in the gorgeous Palace of Versailles where the Treaty was signed, with cherubs flying and light streaming from a cross at the end of a dark corridor.

Sir William's own account of how he came to paint so strange a picture is given in the *London Evening Standard*. "He was," the interviewer says, "scornful and a little angry." "I agreed to paint three Peace Conference pictures for the Imperial War Museum," said Sir William. "Two of them—the one of the Conference at the Quai d'Orsay, the other of the signing of the Treaty at Versailles—are already in the museum."

"The third was to represent a room in the Palace of Versailles called the 'Hall of Peace,' the room through which you enter the long 'Galerie des Glaces,' where the Treaty was signed. It was arranged that I was to group there the politicians and generals and admirals who had won the war. I made studies for them; I painted the room, and then I grouped the whole thirty-nine or whatever the number was in the room. It took me nine months' incessant painting; hard work. And then, you know, I couldn't go on.

"It all seemed so unimportant somehow beside the reality as I had seen it and felt it when I was working with the armies. In spite of all these eminent men, I kept thinking of the soldiers who remain in France for ever. Whether the Hall of Peace deserves its title or not, it must deserve it in future only so far as they gave it.

"So I rubbed all the statesmen and commanders out, and painted the picture as you see it—the unknown British soldier in France, guarded by two dead comrades."

A reproduction of the painting will be found in the artgraveure section of this issue of *CURRENT OPINION*.

THE PIANO

A Story in Which a Thief Runs the Gamut of Peril

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

BRAD worked with a slow particularity. He was a man with a mechanical turn and such arrangements as this one always interested him. A fox had been stealing his chickens and he was engaged in setting a spring gun to kill the fox.

The first depredation had occurred several days before. The chickens had, during the day, the run of a small wired yard; at night they were accustomed to withdraw within the chicken house. Brad never troubled to lock them in. It was some time since he had been visited by varmints. But one morning he found a sag in the wire; found a few white feathers and the pad mark of a fox in the soft earth of the pen. One of his hens was gone.

THAT night and thereafter he came out before going to bed and secured the chicken-house door; but there was no sill below the door, and a few days later he discovered that the fox had again entered the yard, dug his way beneath the door and carried off another hen. Brad buried a board in such a way as to form a deep sill below the door. The chicken house had a window, but it did not occur to him to see that this was secure. The window was three or four feet above the ground. It was arranged on hinges, swinging inward at the bottom. Within a few days the marauder returned, pushed in this window, dropped on top of the nest boxes and killed a third hen. By a chance that was fortunate for the fox, the window did not in its fall close tightly; the creature was able to nose it up and escape.

Brad was by nature a mild man, and he guessed the fox was probably hard put to

BRAD MILLER was by nature a mild man, before as well as after he lost his wife. Following her demise he came into what was regarded by the rural New England community in which he lived, as a fortune. Alone, he continued to work his hillside farm. Oddly enough, he bought a piano, such as his wife had always wanted. Then came a thief in the night—and what happened is told in this story which we reprint, by permission, from "The Saturday Evening Post." It is commended by the O. Henry Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

it to feed a litter of kits. Nevertheless, he felt it necessary to avenge his hens. There was in the attic an old single-barreled, ten-gauge, muzzle-loading shotgun, unused for years. The muzzle had been blown off when a bit of snow clogged it. Brad unearthed this gun from its long retirement and with a hack-saw cut

away the jagged metal. He found that the lock was rusted, and he worked at it with screw-driver and oil until it functioned smoothly; and he cleaned the nipple where the cap would set; then took the gun, with hammer, saw, nails and a bit of board, into the chicken house and secured it across two roosts opposite the window in such a way that it commanded that avenue of entrance at a distance of about ten feet. He did not yet load the gun. In the miscellaneous junk about his woodshed he found two small metal pulleys, once a part of the mechanism of a big ice-box he had made for his wife, now dead. These pulleys he fastened, one behind the butt of the gun, the other under the window. A cod line attached to the trigger passed back through one pulley, across the shed and through the other, and was then secured to the bottom of the window sash.

ALL this consumed some time, but Brad was in no hurry. A tall, gaunt, slow man, he was never inclined to haste in word or thought or deed. When his simple apparatus was adjusted he tested it by first cocking the gun, then pulling the window inward as it would be thrust by a push from outside. The string tightened, the trigger clicked, the hammer fell.

Thus satisfied, Brad proceeded to load the gun, removing it from its rest for the purpose. He used black powder, and atop

the powder put a variegated charge: a few Number Three shot, some BB's and half a dozen OO buck. Even at this short range the charge would spread to cover the whole lower half of the window; the buckshot would penetrate the old boards of the wall.

"Anything outside will get peppered some," he decided.

He replaced the gun in its rest and adjusted a cap on the nipple, but did not cock the hammer. Time enough for that after the chickens were roosting. Then there would be no danger of their touching the trigger cord. He would attend to the matter when he locked them in for the night. It was now about half-past four in the afternoon.

BRAD gathered up his tools and went out through the chicken yard, disturbing the hens, and around to the shed. He put his hammer and saw methodically in their places and began to feed the stock. Two pigs behind the barn, the chickens, four half-grown geese in a box in the dooryard and the horse in his stall. The cows were not yet come in from the pasture when he began; but before he was through they appeared in the lane, and he threw down hay for them, and secured their necks between the upright staves in the tie-up. Now and then, as he worked, he spoke to beasts or fowls in a low, friendly tone.

Brad lived quite alone on his farm on the hillside. He was on a back road and saw few people except in the fall, when woodcock gunners sometimes left their cars in his barnyard while they descended to the alder runs below. Yet the prospect from his farm was worth seeing. The valley was heavily wooded; a silver pond lay a mile away to the left; and directly across, the slopes of the ridge ascended, covered with birch and black growth. The foliage presented through the seasons a bewildering range of lovely colors. When the sun was low above the hills behind the house, these eastward slopes assumed a purple hue so rich that to look upon it was a delight almost physical.

Brad's kitchen was as neat as it had been when his wife—dead last spring—was alive. The red-painted cream separator, bolted to the floor, stood beside the sink; the bright pails were stacked there ready for his hand. He drew water from the pump in the shed and went out into the tie-up and methodically milked his

cows, washing their teats with the water, pressing his brow against their flanks while the milk hissed into the foaming pails. His kine were not heavy milk producers. Of fairly good stock, their only feed was pasture, hay, or the beets and squash and turnips Brad raised in the garden behind the barn. Yet they yielded milk enough so that he had a surplusage of cream for butter, which he sold at the store. He drove to the store every evening, if only to get his paper from the post office there. The routine of his life was little changed by his wife's death; there was only a little more work for him to do.

Some of the younger folk in Fraternity derided Brad for staying on at the farm, for it was known that he had come into money a few months before. His uncle, a man with a reputation for wealth well hoarded, had died in town; Brad and two brothers shared the estate. In the gossip of the countryside the amount varied widely. Some loose talkers set Brad's share as high as fifty thousand dollars. It had been, as a matter of fact, a little over thirty-five hundred. Even this might have tempted some men into an adventurous journey to Boston; but Brad's life was settled. He stayed at home and worked as he had always done. The money was in the bank, in town.

HIS only outward evidence of prosperity was the purchase of a piano. This instrument was of yellow varnished oak. It stood upright against the west wall of the parlor of the little farmhouse, with an old sampler hung above it, a carpet-covered spring rocker beside it and a haircloth sofa across the room. The other furniture was conspicuously old, but rather mellowed by age than rendered shabby. Even the sofa had a certain beauty about it. The windows of the room were small and admitted little light, so that the piano stood always in a sort of reverential dusk. Atop it there was set a framed photograph of a woman, Brad's wife. She had been, at the time of the photograph, middle-aged and very weary. Her hair, unnaturally pompadoured for the occasion, made her seem uncomfortable and ill at ease; she had somewhat the aspect of one who balances a bowl upon her head. Only her head and shoulders appeared, but you were quite sure that her hands must be gnarled and scarred with many labors. Beside this photograph stood a little white china vase containing a bouquet of artificial

flowers of the variety called everlasting. The top of the piano was free from dust; the paneled front of it was snugly shut; the lid that covered the keys was closed and locked.

Before beginning to prepare his supper this day, Brad went into the parlor and in the falling light of late afternoon surveyed the piano for a moment without moving. His bearing was that of a reverent man in a holy place. Then he crossed the room to where the instrument stood, and with a soft cloth he had brought from the kitchen began to wipe its gleaming surfaces. This was a ceremonial task performed twice a day. He stroked its sides and front; he passed his cloth across its top. In the process he lifted for a moment the framed photograph, and there was an awkward tenderness in his movements, somehow pitiful. When he set the picture down again there was, or seemed to be, drama in the simple gesture. With a key from his pocket he unlocked the cover and wiped the ivory keys, evoking now and then a throb of sound from the wires within. At such moments he seemed to listen for something he could not quite hear. When at last he left the room, closing the door behind him, the closing of the door was like the falling of the curtain at the play.

Brad's was one of those tragedies which are so common, so poignant and so little understood; the tragedy of a man who was inarticulate. Most of us suffer under this cross. We find it easy to upbraid or blame, but very hard to praise. We are afraid of seeming sentimental. Yet how a little affection, frankly expressed from friend to friend, can temper the winds of life!

What harm can it do to say to your son "You're a fine boy and I like you"? To your friend, "You're a mighty decent sort of fellow and I'm very fond of you"? To your wife, "I love you dearly"?

Yet ancient reticences hold our tongues; we do not speak; till some day we perceive, abruptly, that there is no longer an ear to hear what we may have wished to say.

MARRIAGES have before now been wrecked upon this rock; many which escaped shipwreck have nevertheless been lifelong tragedy. Such was Brad Miller's. New Englanders are a silent breed, hard of shell and not easily warmed. Their feelings are apt to be buried deep. Brad

was born, no doubt, a normal boy; hungry for affection, eager for caresses; friendly as a dog. But—he was born on a New England farm, and his father and mother disciplined themselves for the good of their son; and from the time he was a baby no one ever kissed him except with the kiss of ceremonious greeting or farewell. When he loved May Stoneman it was in a dumb and silent fashion; and she, being of the same breed, expected nothing more. No doubt they had at first their moments of warm passion, of frank and affectionate communion. But as the years of their marriage passed these moments came more seldom. Each surrendered to the ancient inhibitions; the time came when a kiss passed between them would have tortured either Brad or his wife with acute embarrassment.

THERE is no testimony that Brad was ever unkind to his wife; but life upon a barren farm may be sufficiently unkind. There was work to be done; work for both of them. Each did the tasks assigned; each, upon occasion, prompted the other to some forgotten duty.

"Brad, you ain't mended the leak by the chimney!"

"May, I told you to keep that hen shut up; she wants to set."

"Brad, I need more wood in the box."

"Where's the milk bucket, May?"

They had no children, they were much alone; and there were days when they exchanged no word except in connection with the stark duties of life. They rose about six in the morning in winter, earlier in summer. May got the meals, Brad did the outside work. When dusk gave them respite from toil they shared the evening paper which Brad fetched from the store, and then went stolidly to bed. The fact that they shared the same bed had no significance whatever; they were in many ways as remote, one from the other, as though they had lived a thousand miles apart.

May, as a girl, had liked to play on her mother's piano; and sometimes she tried to get Brad to buy one. But habits of frugality were bred in him; he always put her poor pleadings aside with the brutal folly of expediency as his justification. He told her the money was needed for taxes; that they ought to buy a new cow; that the hay crop was so short he would need to be buying hay in the coming win-

ter. May submitted humbly enough to these rebuffs. She had at times a vague feeling that if she could play a piano now and then she would not mind having one or two fewer cows to tend. But she was inarticulate as he, and could not put these feelings into effective words. Besides, Brad always meant to get her a piano sometime. The thing was simply postponed; postponed from year to year, to weary years—till May died.

There was no outward reason to suppose that Brad's love for her was more than long habit. Their daily contacts had been rude enough, and empty of all tendernesses. Through the hideous ceremonies of the interment he preserved an impassive demeanor. But when, a little later on, his uncle's death made the purchase possible, he bought the piano and had it brought out to his lonely farm. This was his memorial to her. He himself knew nothing of its mechanism; but his rough fingers liked to touch the keys and evoke soft vibrations from the wires within. The merchant who had sold him the instrument had played for him.

Brad's only comment was, "It sounds pretty. I'll take it, then."

To those who wondered at his purchase he had but one explanation to give.

"May always wanted one," he would say. "She was always wanting a piano."

Back in the kitchen, this day, he prepared his supper: scrambled eggs, boiled potatoes, doughnuts and milk. Having eaten, he went to the chicken house and, since it was now dark and the fowls were settled for the night, he cocked the old gun; then shut and secured the door. His day's work was now done; there remained to him the only social pleasure which his life held. He hitched his horse to the buggy and drove slowly over the hill and down into Fraternity village, to Will Bissell's store.

A NUMBER of men were there before him, and he found them grouped around the cold stove or leaning against the long counter. Young Evered, from over beyond the Swamp, was telling Jim Saladine of a string of trout he had that day taken from the brook below the meadow. Will Belter and Zeke Pitkin, reprehensible men, huddled side by side on the bench by the stove and talked in low tones. Lee Motley and Will Bissell, men of substance, were also drawn apart; and when Brad came in they asked his opinion

of the proposal to increase taxes and rebuild the Liberty road. He recognized this as a tribute to his new importance in the town—he was a moneyed man now—and the subtle flattery pleased him. While they spoke together, a man came in through the front door, whom none of them knew, and bought half a dozen cheap cigars from Andy Wattles and sat down beside Will Belter. His coming put a damper on the general conversation. The men in the store watched him with silent attention, waiting for him to speak.

THIS man had the bearing of the city; yet his clothes were worn and his countenance was not prepossessing. Jim Saladine, given to reflection, wondered more acutely than the others; observed the fact that though the man seemed physically vigorous, he wore a certain pallor, as though he had been for long indoors.

Brad made some purchases of small amount. He wanted a sack of feed, but Will's supply had run short and his truck had failed to return from town, so Brad had to cross the bridge to the other store.

"I'll come back and git the mail," he told Bissell as he departed.

When he was gone they spoke of him. The fact of his inheritance was common knowledge; the amount was fit subject for conjectures.

"I heard in town yest'day that the corner block his uncle owned brought over thirty thousand by itself," Zeke Pitkin announced.

Gay Hunt, just come in, asked "Who?"

"Brad Miller."

"I'll bet he come into a hundred thousand if it was a cent," Gay asserted. He was always a fanciful man.

"The lawyer told me, himself, it was more than that," Joe Race swore, being by nature a liar for the sake of the sensation his lies might create. But the stranger beside Belter did not know Joe Race or Gay Hunt. His head was bowed forward; smoke from his cigar clouded his eyes. Even Jim Saladine could not read his expression.

"And Brad had some himself," Will Belter declared. "If you'd hunt up the first dollar he ever made you'd find it right up against the last one."

"Never spent a cent in his life till he got him that piano," Gay agreed.

Jim Saladine ventured a word: "You know, you never noticed any of this about Brad until this summer."

"I always knowed he was close as his shirt," Gay insisted.

"You never told me," Jim replied, faint mockery in his smile; and Gay was silenced. But no one could silence Will Belter, the bearer of tales.

"He don't keep it in no bank, either," Will announced. "He—"

BUT the talk ended there, for Brad returned. When he entered through the front door, bringing with him that guilty silence which is apt to prevail on such occasions, the stranger remarked the silence, raised his eyes, saw Brad and dropped his head again. Thereafter his eyes followed Brad covertly, till a few minutes later he rose and spoke to Andy Wattles at the cigar counter; asked if there was a chance for day labor thereabouts. They discussed the question in low tones.

Then the stranger went out, and Saladine asked Andy "Who's he?"

"Just tramping, I guess," said Andy. "He wanted to know about work; but he didn't act hungry for it. And he asked me the road to town."

"He's been somewhere in jail," Saladine commented.

"Well, they got a jail in town," Andy replied dryly, "if that's what he hankers after."

"Walking, ain't he?"

"There's a good moon," Andy assented. "He figured he'd go on in to-night."

They saw Brad preparing to depart, and Saladine called, "Good night, Brad!"

Brad responded, went out through the side door to where his horse was fastened. Across the bridge he stopped at the other store to load aboard his bag of feed, then turned his horse's head homeward and allowed the beast to amble at its own pace. The night was warm and still; the moon half full, illumined all the road. Brad relaxed in his seat, his thoughts drifting; the amiable thoughts of a mild and gentle man.

Such men may upon occasion become just and terrible.

Arrived at home, Brad unharnessed and turned the horse into the stall. He drew the door of the barn half shut, came into the house through the shed and lighted the lamp in the kitchen. The fire in the stove was quite burned out; and he got kindling and wood ready for the morning, and filled the teakettle and the water reservoir in the end of the stove itself. Then he carried the lamp into the dining-room and sat

down there to read the paper he had brought from the store.

Two or three cats—there were a dozen or more of all ages about the place—bestirred themselves at his coming, and reminded him by their low complaints that they had not been fed. He responded at once, apologized to them.

"Poor kits. Well, I forgot you, didn't I? Old Brad forgot the kits. Well, now! There, there!"

The aimless, kindly mutterings of a man much alone. He put milk in their basin by the stove and they lapped contentedly. Then he returned to his paper and read it slowly, word by word, from front to back, with a conscientious care.

WHEN the paper was done there remained nothing more to do. The lamp in his hand, he went once more into the front room and stood in the doorway, looking fondly at the piano in its glory there; then retraced his steps. His own room was off the dining-room. He undressed with slow movements that were nevertheless effective, and at length blew out the lamp and got into bed. The moonlight came in through his window. From the woodland down the hill he heard the occasional whistle of a coon. Far away a dog barked. The night was full of little noises. They lulled him, and presently he slept. In sleep he was either a comic or a tragic figure, according to your mood. Flat on his back, his mouth open, his thin neck bare, he slept noisily, ridiculously; yet he was so utterly alone.

Something, by and by, recalled him from slumber. He choked, strangled, opened his eyes and returned to normal, quiet breathing. The house seemed still; yet he felt vaguely that he had heard a noise. His own snores had more than once awakened him. He thought this might be the present explanation, but was not wholly satisfied. Then he remembered the fox, and wondered if the gun had been discharged; but his hens were quiet. In the end he got out of bed, absurdly tall, absurdly thin, his nightshirt flapping about his shins, and stepped slowly into the dining-room without troubling to light a lamp.

He was immediately conscious of a tumult of color; soundless color which filled his universe. No pain attached to the spectacle; but after a moment the colors passed and he knew nothing more until he woke from not unpleasant dreams to a throbbing headache and to the discovery

that his bodily freedom was restricted by bonds. When his senses had somewhat cleared he perceived that he was tied down to an iron cot which had long served as a couch in the corner of the dining-room. Save for the moonlight, the room was dark. Analyzing his situation, he found that his ankles were tied separately, tied fast to the foot of the cot; that his wrists were drawn down and attached to the iron frame; and that there was a rope around his neck which made it painful to move his head.

The experience was utterly incredible. He was filled with conjectures. Someone, he now understood, had struck him on the head as he came out of his room; the same person, no doubt, had tied him here with bits of his own clothesline, from the yard. Someone, therefore, had broken into the house. This in itself was inconceivable to Brad; it had never happened to him before. He had read in the paper of burglaries, but they were always remote. A burglar in his own house, now. . . . He wondered how the marauder had entered, and why. And where was he now?

BRAD was not gifted with imagination.

He set himself to a sober effort to escape from his bonds; but their very simplicity made them effective. The ropes cut his wrists and crushed them; they yielded no play at all. The line about his neck, he discovered, was a noose; and he was near strangling after an effort to pull his head to one side. This vaguely angered him. He wished he might get free so as to overpower this marauder. He would load his gun. But at this he remembered that his double-barreled gun had been loaned a day or two before for the destruction of a hawk, and the only other weapon in the house was that which he had set to kill the fox.

At about this period in his thoughts he heard steps descending the stairs in the kitchen wall, and a moment later the light of a lamp shone in his eyes.

Then a man's voice said hoarsely, "Come to, have you?"

Brad's eyes, becoming accustomed to the light, saw this man as a bulky figure with a cap pulled low. Before he could adjust his vision to details, the man withdrew into the kitchen, and again reappeared a moment later with a red handkerchief tied about his mouth and nose, his eyes mere slits below the cap's visor.

Brad, wriggling, asked impatiently,

"What in time do you want, anyhow?"

The man set the lamp on the table and inspected Brad's bonds. Then he leaned back against the table edge and spoke in a voice utterly dispassionate.

"I'm looking for whatever there is in the house," he replied. "They tell me you've come into a pile of dough and that you keep it here. You got a nice farm here to support you. I guess I need the money worse than you do. Where is it at?"

Brad said irritably: "You darned fool, I don't keep money in the house!"

"They tell me you do."

"Who?"

The stranger lighted a cheap cigar.

"Folks," he replied airily. He leaned forward more intently. "Now listen!" he warned. "I'm not kidding a damned bit, and you can't fool me a damned bit. And we're going to argue this out between us, just you and me. Ain't anybody going to happen in. Now, you'll save trouble if you'll come across, old man."

Brad said furiously, "I'll bust you all to pieces!"

The other shook his head.

"No you won't," he answered. "You ain't going to get a chance. That's why I clouted you with the stove wood. As long as you kep' on snoring I let you alone; but you had to go and wake up, and so there wasn't anything else for me to do. Now you'll save me a lot of hunting around by just spilling the dope. Where is it?"

BRAD lay still for a moment, considering. He was, after all, a sensible man. And there was nothing in the house worth taking; nothing worth fighting for. His thoughts found words.

"There ain't twenty dollars in the house," he said.

"Git out!"

"There ain't."

The man flicked ashes on the floor.

"Well, where's that?"

"In my pant's pocket," said Brad. "In there."

The man went into Brad's bedroom and returned with the garment in question; found the old leather fold and extracted half a dozen bills.

"Fourteen dollars," he commented. "Well, it ain't enough, old man."

"What do you think I'd keep money here for?" Brad demanded petulantly.

"Where is it, then?"

"In the bank, in town."

The man considered this.

"Then you must have a bank book around."

Brad hesitated; decided there could be no harm in this much yielding.

"It's in the drawer of the table over there," he replied.

The other crossed the room without comment, opened the drawer, rummaged among a litter of papers and found the book. He flipped the pages truculently.

"Thirty-three hundred and fifty-two," he commented. "That's all there is here."

"That's enough, ain't it?"

"Where's the rest of it?"

"There ain't any more."

The man laughed.

"Say, mister," he replied, "that ain't a bit of use. I've got all the dope on you. I know you've got a pile stowed away somewhere here. I can dig it out if I take the time; but I'm lazy. I don't want to take a house all apart when you can save me the trouble."

BRAD shook his head and the rope about his neck irked him.

"They've been lying to you," he replied.

"They've all got the notion that I got a lot of money. I let 'em think it. It ain't any of their business. But that's all there was—about thirty-six hundred. I spent some on a piano. That's all—"

"What did you want with a piano, anyhow? You don't look musical."

"My wife always wanted one," said Brad, simply; and the man laughed, so that a deeper anger began to stir in Brad.

But a moment later the other said curtly, "You think I'm kidding you."

And he bent and pressed the cigar's lighted end against Brad's leg, thrusting it home till the fire was stifled, the cigar crumpled into dust. Brad, save for a low exclamation, made no sound. The man stepped back and lighted another cigar, and Brad stared at him, more amazed than hurt, with wide eyes.

"I mean what I say," the man explained mildly. "You tell me where the stuff is hid or you'll get hurt."

"There ain't any more money in the house," Brad muttered stubbornly, and at the words the man's self-control fled.

He leaped forward with a ferocity that was terrifying; and he groped and caught the rope beneath Brad's head, and jerked at it till the noose tautened stranglingly; jerked and jerked again, till the bound man's convulsive struggles began

to weaken; only then relaxed the pressure and stepped back while Brad choked to full consciousness again.

Before he was able to speak once more Brad heard a rooster crow. The sound made him remember again his plan to kill the fox. His wits were working more swiftly now; and he lay with closed eyes, gasping and choking, and thought what he might do.

The thought was horrible to him; he was unable to contemplate it without a shudder; and the man, watching him fight back to life, marked this shudder and chuckled to himself.

"You'll see what I mean," he said coldly.

BRAD abruptly perceived that the game was in his own hands; the discovery gave him a sense of superiority. He had an overwhelming weapon—if he chose to use it. Though he did not choose to use the weapon, yet the mere fact that he possessed it gave him an assurance and a certainty which was reflected in his tones when a moment later he spoke; spoke with a negative movement of his head, with eyes still closed.

"You ain't going to kill me," he remarked mildly. "It wouldn't do you a mite of good. I'm kind of sorry for you, too. If I had some money here, enough to help you out, you could have it and welcome. I guess you need it bad enough. But there ain't any more here than what you've got, no matter what you do."

The man stood erect, looking down, his face twitching beneath the handkerchief.

"Honest," he said, "I hate to hurt you. You're a game old coot." His tones hardened. "But you got to come across or go across, old man. I'm not kidding you. I ain't going to hurt you any more; but I'll give you just about five minutes. If you don't come through then I'll fix you. That's the straight goods." Now what do you say?"

"There ain't a cent of money in the house," Brad replied.

"Then you're out of luck," the man said equably. "Because if there ain't you're due to leave these parts."

Brad lay still, with closed eyes. The man sat down beside the table; then rose and went into the kitchen and got the alarm clock ticking there. He set it on the table and sat down again.

"It's ten minutes past two," he said. "I'll give you till quarter past."

"You won't kill me," Brad told him calmly. "I ain't a mite afeard."

"You got five minutes."

"If I go to sleep," said Brad, "you wake me up, will you?" And he moved a little as though relaxing for slumber.

The other leaned forward.

"Is it hid in the attic?" he asked. "In the cellar? I'm going down and look." Brad did not move. "In the house somewhere?"

HIS eyes roamed around the room. He rose. A sewing machine—Brad's wife had used it—stood by the window. He lifted the cover and replaced it; rummaged in the table drawers; pulled out the round plate that stopped the flue, where in winter a stove stood to heat the house, and looked into the black hole, thrusting in his fumbling hand; went restlessly into the kitchen and tumbled pans and pots about; groped along the shelves. A sudden fury of greed seized him; he stormed to and fro with destructive hands; went into the woodshed and returned with the ax to split away the wainscoting about the room. Through the tumult Brad lay still, sure of his own ultimate victory. The man would in the end give up the search. Brad had no fears.

"It's quarter past," the man announced.

"You woke me up," said Brad; and the man struck him in the face, pounded him with furious blows. Brad, calm and unmoved, heard the other's gasping breath, sensed the madness that possessed him.

"Now will you come across?" the man asked at last, looking down at Brad's bloody countenance.

"You've got all there is," said Brad.

The man became abruptly still. He stepped back, and there was such an ominous threat in this silent withdrawal that Brad opened his eyes and spoke without his own volition: "What?"

"Why, sure! That's it!"

"What's what?"

"It's in the piano," the man cried. "That's what you got the piano for. It's in there." He snatched the lamp and started toward the other room. And Brad, passively confident till now, abruptly wrenched at his bonds.

The man saw the movement; he cried exultantly, "I knew it!" And was gone; back in a moment. "Where's the key?" he asked hotly.

"You let that piano alone!" Brad cried.

The man struck him.

"Damn it, where's the key?"

"There ain't a thing in there."

"You old fool—"

"I got that piano 'cause my wife always wanted one. Don't you go monkeying with it!"

"I'll monkey with it! I'll monkey with you!" He saw the ax against the wall and caught it up. "I'll bust the thing wide open!"

"Please, don't you—"

THE man laughed and leaped through the door. After an instant Brad heard the crash of an ax; and he groaned aloud and surged against his bonds so that they tore the skin of wrists and ankles. But they did not yield. He shouted something, got no reply save the repeated blows of the ax; and abruptly he relaxed, lay still, eyes closed. Tears flowed from between his closed lids; the blows were as though they fell upon his heart.

By and by the man came back, more furious than ever.

"You old hound, it wasn't there!" he cried.

"I told you to leave it alone," Brad answered implacably.

The man looked around him, enraged by his own futility; caught up the lamp from the table, and knelt and held it below where Brad's hand was fast to the side of the cot.

"Where is it?" he cried. "Damn it, where's that money?"

"I'll tell! I'll tell!" Brad exclaimed.

"Oh, Lord, take it away!"

The man withdrew the lamp. He laughed.

"That got you! Well, spill it quick!"

"In the henhouse."

"Where?"

"Go through the shed and out. You'll see a window."

"Quick, damn it!"

"Push the window open and reach down inside. There's a nest there. Lift it off. It's in a tin box underneath."

The man drew back.

"If it ain't you'll wish you was dead."

Brad said slowly, "It's there!"

The man departed slowly. Brad, left alone, wondered whether the piano were utterly destroyed.

"I can get another," he reminded himself. "She always wanted one." He considered his own situation, and decided, "Someone will drop in to-morrow morning."

Then he heard the roar of a big-gauge gun, heavily loaded.

There was no other sound; not even a cry.

"SECRETS"

In Which a Dramatic Family Closet Divulges a Skeleton

By RUDOLPH BESIER and MAY EDGINGTON

PRONOUNCED an instantaneous success on its first presentation at the Fulton Theater in New York, this delightful dream play by Rudolph Besier and May Edgington, imported from London by Sam. H. Harris, promises to be a vehicle for winsome Margaret Lawrence, star, and Tom Nesbit, leading man, supported by an excellent cast, for some time to come. Temporarily discontinued during the dog days, the play will resume its successful run in September.

Observing that the play sets out to prove a point, something about love and marriage, Heywood Broun, of the *New York World*, admits that he could not understand just what the point was and yet enjoyed the play as "one of those pieces which cover vast territory of time and space." There is an elopement of a young girl from an English Victorian household, a fight with outlaws on the plains of Wyoming and an encounter between the faithful wife and a woman intent upon capturing her husband.

"All marriages have secrets," says Dr. Arbuthnot (Richard Pitman) in the prologue, "and each marriage has its secrets known only to one man and one woman." And the play proper reveals the marriage secrets of pretty Mary Marlowe (Miss Lawrence) and her impetuous lover, John Carlton (Tom Nesbit), carrying them on through the days of their elopement from England, on further into pioneer life in Wyoming, where the young husband faces the bravados of 1870 with the wife as his resourceful helpmate, then on into the London of 1888, where Carlton, now a baronet, is revealed as a bit wandering in his fidelity, although his wife loves and forgives him still.



MARGARET LAWRENCE AS MARY MARLOWE,
IN "SECRETS"

The *Telegram* describes the play as "a gay perusal of the old-fashioned family album," the *Herald* as "always an interesting kaleidoscopic picture," the *Sun* as "keen comedy charmingly played and produced," and the *Tribune* critic appraises it as telling "a good, rather thoughtful story in language none too fresh at times."

The prologue (1922) takes place in London, the setting showing a room in Sir John Carlton's house in Portchester Terrace. Sir John is ill, and his children, Lady Lessington (Barbara Allen), Audrey Carlton (Mignon O'Doherty), John (Shirley B. Pink) and Robert Carlton (Horace Cooper) are awaiting news from the sick-room. Dr. Arbuthnot (Richard Pitman), the family physician, is present.

LADY LESSINGTON. Oh, this dreadful waiting! Sir Gilbert said this new treatment of his ought to show some definite result in an hour. It's now three hours since he—

AUDREY. (In her clear-cut, opinionated voice.) Personally, I've no faith whatever in Sir Gilbert and his special treatment, though, of course, one had to try it. When a man's seventy-seven and gets double pneumonia, the only treatment which can save him is a miracle.

ROBERT. Oh, for heaven's sake, Audrey!—

AUDREY. (*With soft vehemence.*) He's simply made a slave of mother. A little slave. Two nurses—and neither allowed to do a hand's turn for him that he could prevent. Mother must fetch and carry; mother must feed him; mother must sit with him; mother must hold his hand! If she were away five consecutive minutes, it was always: "Mary, come here, I want you."

JOHN. Not such a bad thing for a woman to hear, if you ask me.

AUDREY. (*With a scornful look at him.*) All his life it's been the same. She's always been his slave.

LADY L. The fault of her generation, my dear. Women of her time simply didn't know how to manage life. When they married, they gave themselves up, body and soul, to the man. Darling mummy! It was just the fault of her day.

DOCTOR. I'm an old man, dear lady, and in my profession I see marriage in all its aspects. I see it alive and I see it dead. I see it beautiful and I see it ugly; battered and whole—and I know really nothing about it. For every separate marriage is a separate mystery. Men and women come to doctors, and they tell them secrets about marriage. But the innermost secrets they never tell. They couldn't if they tried. For in every marriage there are secrets which only one man and one woman know—only one man and one woman. (*Briskly.*) Well, now, I am going to bring Lady Carlton in here. And I want to ask you all not to worry her with questions or advice or attention, but just leave her to me.

Mary Carlton enters. She is wonderfully erect, a vigorous old lady of seventy-three. She moves in silence, a step or two, and the children turn to her. The doctor places her in a chair and instructs her to rest. The young people leave her.

MARY. (*To the doctor.*) But you'll see—you'll see that the door is kept a little open—

Assured that, should her husband wake, she will be immediately called, Mary Carlton relaxes and presently drifts into slumber.

Act I. 1876. Mary Marlowe's bedroom in her parents' home at Blackheath. The room is simple and virginal. Mary (Miss Lawrence) is before her dressing-table with Susan (Mary Scott Seton), a maid, in attendance. Her mistress is expecting a secret communication—a billet-doux—from John Carlton (Tom Nesbit). A postman whistles. The maid goes out to fetch the expected missive. Mrs. Marlowe (Mrs. Edmund Gurney) and her maiden sister Elizabeth Channing (Lillian Brennard) enter in ball attire. Their comments on Mary's appearance are interrupted by the entrance of her irate father, William Marlowe (Orlando Daly).

MARLOWE. So, Miss!

MRS. MARLOWE. Oh, William, what has she done?

MARLOWE. Your daughter, Alice, has been grossly and systematically deceiving her parents. She has entered into a disgraceful entanglement—

MRS. MARLOWE. Who is it, William?

MARLOWE. Young Carlton.

MRS. MARLOWE. Oh! Oh! MARY! A mere clerk in your father's office!

MARY. (*Tremulously, breathlessly, but courageously.*) A clerk—but n-n-not a mere clerk.

Susan at this point sits upon the bed and achieves a fine attack of the "high-strikes." Her part in the perfidy is soon out, and she is dismissed in disgrace.

MARLOWE. Now, Miss, what have you to say for yourself?

MARY. Nothing, papa.

MARLOWE. Nothing? We shall see about that. Nothing! That and similar impudence was all I could get out of the young scoundrel when I confronted him with your last shameless letter this afternoon.

MARY. (*In a whisper.*) My letter—

MARLOWE. Your last shameless letter—a love-letter, wife. Of the most brazen description. There were twenty-five crosses after the signature.

MRS. MARLOWE. (*Horried.*) Not twenty-five!

MARY. (*Faintly.*) How—how did you get my letter?

MARLOWE. You may well ask, Miss—*(with impressive solemnity)* There are people, I understand, who doubt the existence of Divine Providence. I have had a marvelous proof of its working to-day. Young Williams, who sits next to this scoundrel, at the office, found a letter on the floor. He picked it up and glanced at it. That was enough. The honest lad saw where his duty lay. Without a moment's hesitation he brought the letter to me.

MARY. *(Breathlessly, but distinctly.)* Mr. Williams is jealous of John. John told me so, and Mr. Williams is only too glad—too glad to hurt him—he wants John's place.

MARLOWE. *(Grimly.)* And he has it, Miss. He has it.

MARY. *(Tremulously.)* Oh, papa, what have you done?

MARLOWE. When I confronted him with your letter and asked for an explanation he pointblank refused to give me one. So I wrote a check for his week's salary and dismissed him then and there. And would you believe it, Alice—he had the insolence to take the check from me, tear it across and throw it upon the floor. *(Miss Channing has been all the while in the background, silent, but closely following all that has been said. Now suddenly she starts vigorously clapping her hands as though at a public performance.)*

Marlowe and his wife stare at her in wrathful amazement. A complete confession is enforced from Mary. She is roundly lectured, after which her parents depart, her mother and aunt to the ball, her father to his room. The door is locked and Mary is ordered to bed. She brings from hiding John's letters from the latest post. Suddenly the door opens and Miss Channing reappears with food. She speaks in an excited undertone.

MISS CHANNING. Darling. I was just going into the garden to fetch the ladder which Bartlett has left standing against the pear tree.

MARY. The ladder!

MISS CHANNING. Yes, the ladder. I meant to carry it to the house and climb in at this window.

MARY. Oh, auntie.

MISS CHANNING. Then it struck me that your dear papa, being such a clever man, might have left the key in the lock. And so he had.

She whispers the disquieting news that Mary's parents plan to pack her off to the home of some dismal relative next day. John whistles in the garden. Mary maneuvers Miss Channing from the room, and going to the window directs him to the ladder. A few moments later he is in the room. When she lights a candle, John becomes speechless at Mary's loveliness in her crinoline. Later, he outlines his plan to sail for America in three days. After that, he says, there will be rough living, no luxuries, a crude and even dangerous life in the new country.

MARY. *(Dreamily.)* Yes, John.

JOHN. Well? Well? *(In a hoarse whisper.)*

Mary's entranced answer is that she thinks it all too beautiful. They decide to leave at once. Mary changes to a heavy dress and boots and through the window starts with John for America.

Act II. 1870. A two-room shack in Wyoming. A baby's cradle on the floor. Mary, in coarse clothing, is preparing food, ironing and watching over the baby to whom she croons a soft lullaby. John arrives with the country doctor (Elmer Grandin), who examines the child.

DOCTOR. Wait a minute—you just fix me up with a hot drink, Mrs. Carlton—and don't you go imagining horrors. *(He gets out his thermometer, etc., and continues the examination.)*

JOHN. I'd just come in from the cow pen and my wife said to me, "Baby's not well," and I took him on my knees and for about the first time I couldn't stop him crying. He always stops crying when I take him—

MARY. Or when I do, just the same. I've only to pick him up and *(Her voice breaks on a sob. John mutely caresses her.)* He—he's so quiet and heavy and—sleepy.

The doctor assures Mary that the child will be all right. When he is gone, John, fearing a raid on the shack, decides to tell Mary something of his situation. He finds it rather hard to explain.

MARY. (*Softly and shyly.*) John, are you trying to tell me about the lynching of Red Jake and his two sons?

JOHN. (*Hoarsely, turning on her.*) Good God! What do you know about it?

MARY. I think I know everything.

JOHN. (*Dumbfounded.*) Everything?

MARY. (*Demurely.*) Yes, John.

JOHN. Who told you?

MARY. Bob.

JOHN. (*Furiously.*) Bob! He had my orders not to breathe a word of the brutal story to you.

MARY. (*Too absorbed and excited to note his tone.*) He told me all about those cattle thieves, and how you'd wormed your way into their confidence. How all alone you'd gone to Red Jake's shack in the mountains, and with your life in your hands, tricked him into taking you on as one of his accomplices. That big plan you laid before them for rounding up a whole herd of cattle— (*Exclamation from John.*) Bob told me all about it. Red Jake, whom nobody had ever got the better of—you deceived him and tricked him and caught him red-handed—Bob said it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. He said, if somebody hadn't blundered, the whole gang would have been captured. And afterwards, the others wanted to hand Red Jake over to the sheriff, but Bob said you wouldn't have it. You insisted on hanging them at once. And Red Jake and his two sons were hanged then and there. And it was all your doing. Oh, John, how dreadful it must have been for you? But, oh, I'm so, so proud of my husband!

JOHN. (*Who has been staring at her, his eyes starting from his head.*) Proud of me—well, if that doesn't lick Creation.

Bob (Norman Houston), the hired man, arrives breathless, with the news that Red Jake's gang is surrounding the shack. In a moment, the tiny shack becomes a fortress. All take guns, Mary moves the baby into an adjoining room and the silence that precedes attack falls on them all. Soon there are shots and a voice off stage calls John to come out if he wishes the others to be spared. John makes ready to go, when Mary calls an answer to the men outside:

MARY. (*Wildly—at the top of her voice.*) Come and fetch us if you damned well can.

A shot from outside breaks the lamp.

JOHN. (*To Mary.*) Now you've done it!

MARY. (*Terrified, yet smiling.*) Yes, John.

The trio defend themselves successfully for some time. Mary gets a saucepan of hot water, takes it into the next room, and when one of the invaders gets too close, flings it from the window. A yell from outside follows. She returns.

MARY. The water was—quite boiling, dear.

BOB. Gettin' close, they are.

JOHN. Shoot, man! Shoot!

BOB. No go. Couldn't reach 'em with this. (*Indicates revolver.*) Long shots from over the ridge, those were. Can jest spot the skunk layin' on his belly. Your rifle, Boss.

JOHN. Right. (*Turns to get it and perceives Mary, wide-eyed with fear, lifting the gun from the wall.*) Mary, go back!

MARY. No, dear, don't leave your post. I'll give him the gun.

BOB. (*To Mary.*) Don't cross the room, Marm. It ain't safe. (*Mary, the revolver in one hand, gun in other, crosses to Bob, carefully keeping clear of the window. Two shots follow. A canister drops from the mantelpiece. Mary, with a stifled scream, crouches beneath the window.*)

JOHN. Stay where you are, Mary.

BOB. Gad! Damn and blast their souls! (*There is a heavy crash against the shutters. All three cry out together.*)

JOHN. Hell! They've got us.

Bob is busy defending the window. Suddenly Mary sees the bedroom door, which she had shut, cautiously being opened. A man steals in with levelled revolver. Mary shoots. The man staggers and falls forward on his face. Mary drops her revolver, and still on her knees, stares at the dead man, her face frozen in horror. A rapid exchange of shots from outside and John speaks hoarsely:

JOHN. What—what's it mean?

BOB. It's the boys—the boys are on 'em.

JOHN. (*To Mary, who has never stirred.*) D'you hear, sweetheart—we're
(*Continued on page 73*)



AS MARY MARLOWE, IN ACT I OF THE DRAMA "SECRETS," MARGARET LAWRENCE
HAS AN APPEALING RÔLE

She shares honors with Tom Nesbit, as John Carlton, in a well-cast play which promises
to have a Broadway summer run.



MARY CARLTON (MARGARET LAWRENCE) DISPLAYS CHARM AND VERSATILITY
IN "SECRETS"

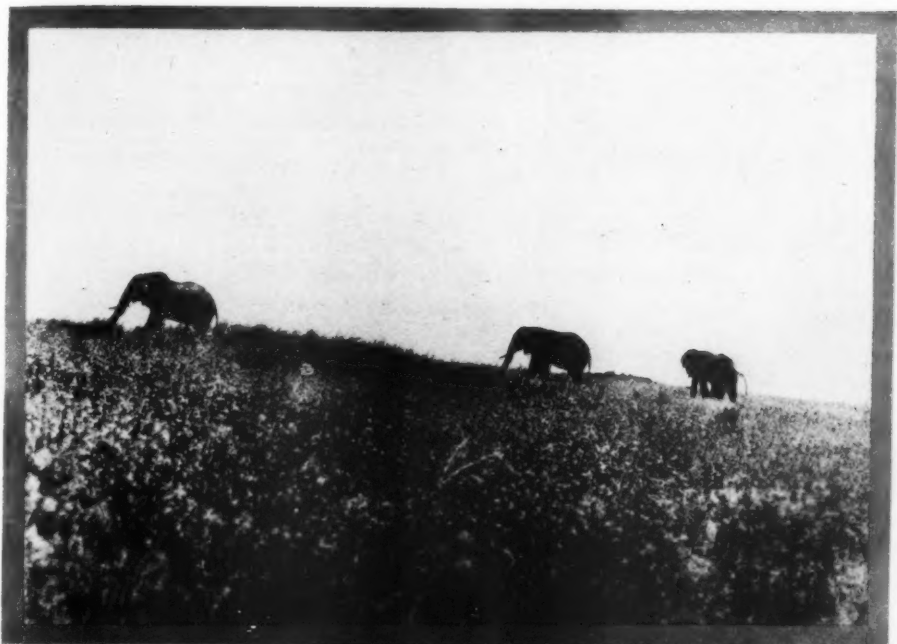
She is shown (above) recounting to her children her log-cabin honeymoon-days of hardship in America, such as the lower picture reveals.



BEFORE AND AFTER A WHALE ENCOUNTER IN FILMING "DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"
This remarkable motion picture portrays the old-time whaling days such as Hermann Melville has immortalized in his chronicle, "Moby Dick."



A MUTINY IN "DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS" AND A MUTINEER IN THE "BRIG"
These are the actual chains and cage in which were brought back the prisoners in the famous mutiny
aboard the schooner "The Bounty" long ago.



© Martin Johnson

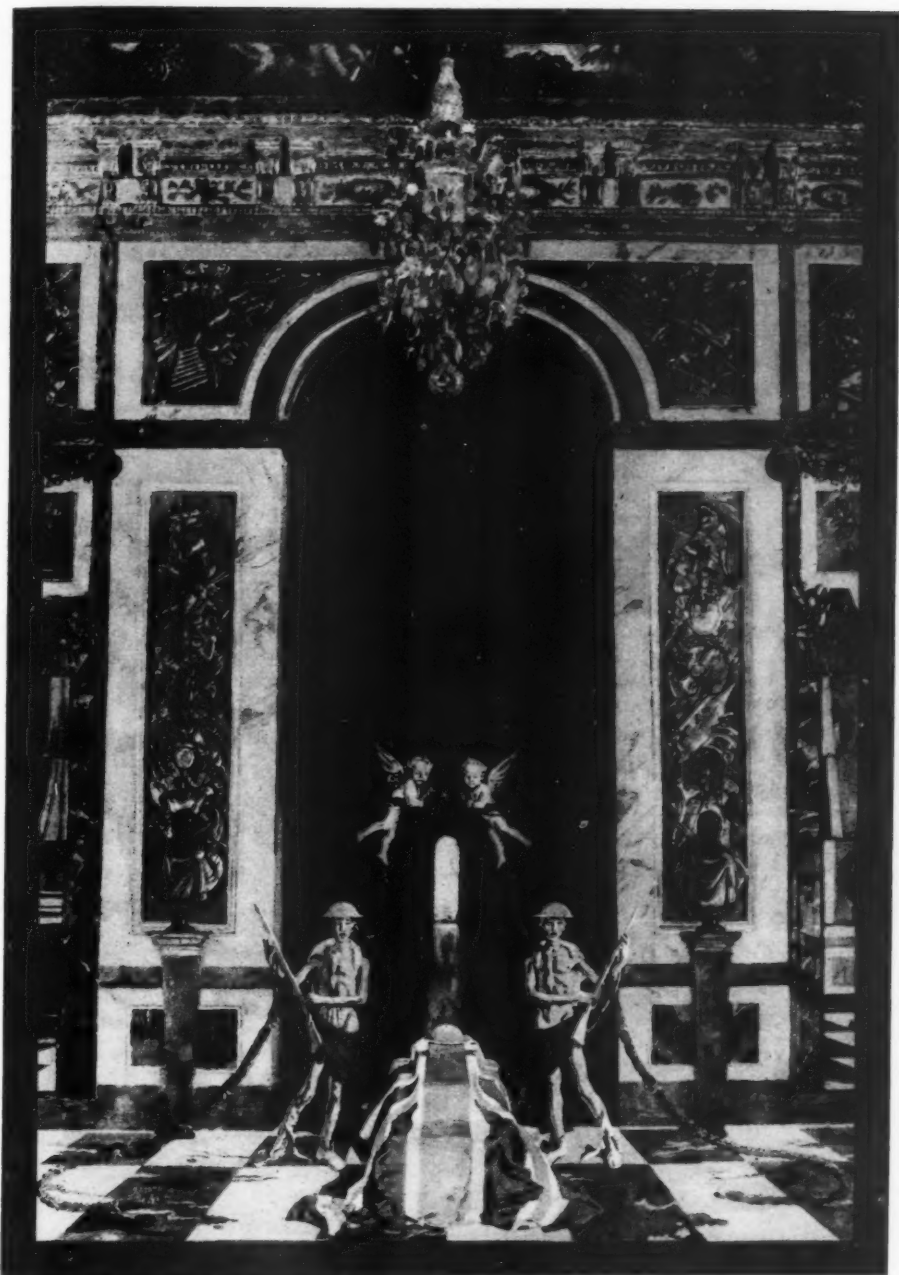
AFRICAN ELEPHANTS ON THEIR NATIVE VELDT AND THEIR FALLEN LEADER

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's hunting experiences in Africa are recorded in the remarkable photo-panorama, "Trailing African Wild Animals," a Metro picture. Mrs. Johnson brought the leader down with one shot when he had almost "got" her husband.



ROMANCE AND REALISM IN NEW PRIZE PICTURES

These two paintings, "Afterthoughts of Earth," by Arthur B. Davies, and "The Hunter," by Eugene Spelcher, were awarded, respectively, the gold medal and \$1,500 prize and the silver medal and \$1,000 prize at the twenty-second international exhibition of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh.



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A ROYAL ACADEMY PAINTING THAT HAS STARTLED THE BRITISH PUBLIC

Major Sir William Orpen's "The Unknown British Soldier in France," shown at the Royal Academy, is decried in London as an insult to the Allied statesmen who played some part in winning the war.



A CALIFORNIA TRIBUTE TO LUTHER BURBANK

This symbolical statue, by Roger N. Burnham, will stand in Burbank Memorial Park, Santa Rosa, to commemorate his 50 years of work among plants.

(Continued from page 64)

saved. (*Fails to realize her frozen immobility and turns again to the window.*)

Look at the curs skedaddling. (*Turning.*)

Mary—Mary—we're saved, dear!

(*Mary sways and collapses on the floor.*)

JOHN. Mary—Mary—God! She's hit. Bob, she's hit—she's dead.

BOB. (*Who has hurried up to them from the window.*) Oh, Lord God! Oh, Lord God!

JOHN. No—no, darling—don't die. Don't leave me—don't go. I want you. What's the use of me without you—darling, darling, come back. I want you.

DOCTOR. (*Off stage.*) Hello, in there! It's McGovern.

The doctor examines Mary, finds she is in a faint, with a broken arm. When she is conscious again—

DOCTOR. Well, young people, that was a mighty close shave. I came across the boys by the Peak, or I wouldn't be here. Now, Mrs. Carlton, you've got a broken arm, and I'm going to set it. It will hurt a little.

MARY. Oh, I shan't mind that if—if John holds me.

JOHN. I'll hold you, sweetheart, I'll hold you tight. (*She looks smilingly up into his face as the curtain falls.*)

Act III. 1888. The drawing-room of Sir John Carlton's London house in Portchester Terrace, on Mary's birthday. She sits in an armchair near the fireplace, surrounded by her growing children, Audrey (Cynthia Hyde), Blanche (Beatrice Kay), John, Jr. (Shirley B. Pink) and Robert (Clay Kennedy). She has been telling them stories of pioneer days in America.

AUDREY. But, Mamma, what were you doing all through the fight?

MARY. I was looking after Johnny, dear. He was only six months old.

BLANCHE. I bet you got into bed with him and covered your head with the bedclothes. I should have.

JOHN, JR. Well, Mamma didn't. If it hadn't been for her, we should all have been murdered.

MARY. (*Startled.*) But, Johnny, dear—

ROBERT. What do you know about it?

JOHN, JR. (*With a grin.*) Well, wasn't I there?

AUDREY. Don't be a silly. You were only six months old. How could he have known, mummy?

MARY. (*Rather flushed.*) I didn't know your father had told you of the incident, dear. Of course, Wyoming was a very rough country in those days and—and—things happened which—which—we won't talk about.

JOHN, JR. All right, Mamma, don't be scared. I won't give away the—gory details.

Mary's parents and Miss Channing are announced. Affectionate greetings are exchanged.

MARY. (*Looking around at everybody.*) I don't know, mamma dear, if you've noticed how my hands glitter to-day. A sadly vulgar display, I'm afraid. It's only in strict privacy and on great occasions like to-day that I—glitter. I've a lot more beautiful rings like them. And each of them marks a great step in our fortunes. John has always given me a ring when he brought off some really big thing. This for instance—it's a square-cut emerald—he gave me when he was knighted last year—

MISS CHANNING. And when, consequently, you were forgiven for having married him.

MARLOWE. (*Wrathfully rising.*) Eliza, I must protest.

Mary's parents have something to talk over with her. Miss Channing and the children leave and when they are alone, Mary's mother divulges a bit of gossip that is going the rounds, connecting John's name with that of Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring. Mary refuses to listen. At this moment the lady in question is announced. Mary's parents, after a cold bow, leave, and she accompanies them to the door. Johnny, passing in the corridor, sees the visitor and, entering, challenges her presence in his mother's house. Mrs. Mainwaring, amusedly parries with the young man. Mary, returning, senses the situation and dismisses the boy on an errand. She is gracious and courteous to her guest, who will have none of these friendly passes and soon comes to her point, which is that her husband is di-

vorcing her, naming John as co-respondent. She assures Mary that he loves her, and would marry her but that he thinks Mary will not release him.

MARY. You can set your mind at rest, Mrs. Mainwaring. I shall never keep my husband against his will. The moment he wishes to leave me, he's free to go. Yes. And I think that's all we have to say to each other.

Carlton enters as Mrs. Mainwaring is about to leave. He is startled into a belligerent attitude toward the latter.

MRS. MAINWARING. Lady Carlton understands. She's willing to set you free, John. She said so.

CARLTON. (*In a whisper.*) Free? To set me free? Mary, is that true?

MARY. (*Always without looking at him.*) Yes, John.

JOHN. (*Almost terror in his voice.*) Mary—

MRS. MAINWARING. I've not lied. I told Lady Carlton that you loved me, and that you wanted to be free to marry me. Are those lies? (*John is silent.*)

CARLTON. Not your lies. Mine. (*Mrs. Mainwaring is about to speak.*) No, please. Whenever I spoke to you of love, I lied. You say you believed me. (*With a contemptuous laugh.*) Have you always believed your lovers when they talked to you of their love?

MRS. MAINWARING. (*Not loudly, but with hate, rage and contempt.*) So far as I am concerned, Lady Carlton, you may keep your husband if you still want him.

MARY. (*As only she can say it.*) Thank you.

MARY. I want you to tell me everything.

CARLTON. You mean—about her?

MARY. No. We've finished with her. About—the others.

(*Later.*)

CARLTON. Oh, what's the use—what's the use? You wouldn't believe it. You'd never understand. (*He buries his face in his hands. Mary looks at him, the dawn of a tender smile on her lips. A pause.*)

MARY. John. (*He lifts his face from his hands.*) You want to tell me, don't you, that you never once stopped loving me—even when you were most unfaithful? You want to tell me that those other

women were nothing to you—and that I was everything—always.

CARLTON. (*With passionate eagerness.*) Yes—yes—yes.

MARY. Do you think I don't know that? Do you think I could ever have borne it if I hadn't been as sure of your love as I'm sure of the love of God?

JOHN. Mary, you don't realize what's still to come. My name will soon be blazed abroad for all to read. Your friends will pity and despise you. Our children will know their father for the man he is. (*Broken, despairingly.*) Our children. My God—my God!

MARY. John—John—stand up, John—stand up. You're strong and brave. You've brought all this on yourself, and you must go through with it—like the man you are.

Epilogue, 1922. Scene—as in the Prologue. Present are Dr. Arbuthnot (Richard Pitman) and Lady Carlton and the children. Her husband, acutely ill, is bedridden in an adjoining room.

DOCTOR. Lady Carlton—we've tided over the crisis, and can now hope for the best.

MARY. (*Slowly, clutching his hand.*) You mean—he'll live? (*With a tremulous little laugh.*) It's silly to—to cry when one's happy—so happy. (*Quickly about to rise.*) I must go to him. But the children—the children—do they know?

DOCTOR. Nurse has gone to tell them the good news.

MARY. (*Musingly, with a little smile.*) The children—they don't quite understand. They're so young and bright and clever. As though there could be such a thing as overtiring oneself in the service of love! But they'll understand that one day. Like everything else, love needs practice to become perfect. And I've loved—and I've been loved for over fifty years. (*With dignity, to the children.*) Your dear father has always been very particular about my hair. (*Goes to the mirror.*) He—he would never allow me to wear a cap. (*She touches up her hair and they all look on in silence for a moment.*)

JOHN. (*Offstage.*) Mary, come here. I want you. (*Mary goes to her husband.*)

GREAT WHALING DAYS COMMEMORATED ON THE SCREEN

DECLARED by the critics to be more genuinely thrilling than ninety per cent. of the usual fabricated photoplays, as being "exciting, tremendous and remarkable" and as "a far more vivid conception of the life of a sailor than even the genius of a Dana, Melville or a Conrad has been able to create," the new Hodgkinson picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships," by Elmer Clifton, is proving to be a film sensation. The picture is based largely on Hermann Melville's classic, "Moby Dick," the story of a white whale, and portrays the old-time whaling days when the harbor of New Bedford, Massachusetts, was alive with clipper ships.

Only a few of the men who in their prime heard the cry of "thar she blows" are still alive and, we are told, the city of New Bedford cooperated generously in the making of this picture to perpetuate the whaling industry on the screen. The square-rigger *Charles W. Morgan*, built in New Bedford in 1842, and said to be the oldest whaling vessel afloat, was equipped just as she would have been in 1830, when the whaling industry was at its height, and sent down the Atlantic to the Caribbean Sea. Her crew was made up to a large extent of veteran whalers, long since retired, but who through years of experience before the mast were more than qualified to enact before the picture camera all of the incidents and details connected with the chase. The motion-picture actors who were engaged to portray the principal rôles in the story around which the whaling cruise was builded, were not only obliged to ship as ordinary sailors, but they were required by the traditions of the sea to adapt themselves to the most trying conditions.

In the cast, William Walcott, as the keen, scrupulous and upright New England ship-owner and whaler of the Quaker faith, is realistically clever. William Cavanaugh, as Henry Morgan; Miss Marguerite Courtot, as Patience

Morgan; Raymond McKee, as Thomas Allen Dexter; Juliette Courtot, as Judy Peggs, and the rest of the cast all do consistently good work and contribute materially to the telling of an interesting story in a smooth and forcible manner.

During a cruise of two months and a day eleven whales are declared to have been attacked, the final one being a 90-ton monster, measuring more than 80 feet in length, and from the head or "case" of which was extracted nearly 100 barrels of sperm oil.

Raymond McKee, who portrays the principal male rôle in the picture, had the luck to be in at the "killing" of the 90-ton whale and to have come in contact with the whalesman's maxim, "a dead whale or a stove boat."

Probably never again will the opportunity be afforded for a motion-picture producer to meet with such "greasy luck." Not only the actual pursuit, attack and killing of the giant whale have been accurately and vividly recorded by the camera, but the cutting up of the monster, the extracting of the oil, and the final dispatch of the animal are realistically shown. It is described, in the *New York World*, as a picture that will "enable future generations to visualize the scenes, thrills and the romance that prompted Melville's 'Moby Dick,' and which were responsible for the erection, in the city of New Bedford, of the only statue ever erected in memory of the whaleman, a fitting tribute to a now-forgotten art."



MUSIC, "YOUNGEST OF THE ARTS," IS "GOING TO THE DOGS"

IT is startling to think that there is no music much more than three centuries old that we now care to hear, except for historic study. Palestrina, who died in 1594, is regarded as the father of modern music, and it was only a few years after his time that Italian opera began. Bach and Handel, both born in 1685, did their great pioneer work in the first half of the eighteenth century; but it was not until the second half of that century, the age of Gluck, Haydn and Mozart, that, apart from Bach and Handel, music such as we now delight in was composed. Beethoven, born in 1770, was thirty years old before he composed anything worth while; hence he belongs to the nineteenth century. So do Weber, Wagner, Verdi, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Grieg, Bizet, Gounod, Saint-Saëns and all the other composers of the first, second or third rank whose music we relish at home or at public performances.

Only three centuries old, one-tenth the age of the big sequoias of California, the tree of music which boasts such branches is, laments Henry P. Finck, veteran critic of the *New York Evening Post*, being ringed and sapped and "will probably die soon." He protests that he is not blasé when he says that "music is going to the dogs," but bases his statement upon what he regards as many signs of disintegration.

It is admitted that "there are to-day more high-class pianists—the woods are full of them—than there ever were at one period," and that "there are several good violinists left." But "the list of great singers and composers has dwindled rapidly. At the present rate none will be left twenty years hence."

Mr. Finck shudders nearly every time that duty drives him to a song recital, not only because he knows that "the singing will be soulless and vocally unsatisfactory, but that the program will

usually be beneath contempt, ignoring master songs and dallying with trifles." There is no doubt in his mind that the song recital is going to the dogs. If, he says, free tickets were abolished, the array of empty benches at most of them would show how little the public is interested in these degenerate "entertainments."

Granting that there are more orchestras than ever, this Jeremiah of music critics wonders what would become of them if there were no millionaires to support them and appoint their friends as conductors. Occasionally, he grants, a good new composition is brought forward, but it is the exception which proves the rule of mediocrity. "The final knockout blow is being administered by the cacophonists. They seem to have money behind them now—some of the money which started the National Symphony a few years ago. If they should succeed, with the aid of this money, in capturing our concert halls, then good-by to the audiences. They will seek places of amusement where one can sit more comfortably than in a dentist's chair. The cacophonists are the Apache assassins of music, vying with one another in inflicting exquisite, expert tortures on musical ears."

By way of a footnote to the foregoing lamentation, a critic, Samuel Chotzinoff, assures us, in *Vanity Fair*, that the negro genius has been chiefly responsible for whatever musical development America can boast. "It is that genius which has produced the American jazz, the only distinct and original idiom we have. It, and not the music of MacDowell and Foster and a host of imitators of the German and French, is the musical speech of this country. A people which has developed such a wonderful musical sense in its degradation, should in its maturity produce a composer to bring a music of the future out of the music of the past."

BRITISH TRADERS MUNITIONED AND FED GERMANY DURING THE WAR

A GREAT sensation has been caused in England by the charge, contained in Rear-Admiral M. W. W. P. Consett's new book, "The Triumph of Unarmed Force" (Williams & Norgate: London), that it was British traders who supplied Germany with food and essential materials for munitions, and made possible the continuance of German resistance from 1914 to 1918.

According to this writer, who was British Naval Attaché in Scandinavia from 1912 through 1918, and Naval Adviser to the Supreme Council, 1919-1920, it was the "unarmed forces" which finally won the war. When America came in the trading with the enemy was stopped. It was American naval vessels in the North Sea which led to the enforcing of the blockade and starved out the enemy, but it was only after America came in that the blockade was seriously attempted.

Yet, says Admiral Consett, the blockade could have been rigorously enforced from the first days of the war by mere prohibition of export. From the evidence which the Admiral cites, he is forced to the conclusion that the prolongation of the war from the six months or a year for which Germany had calculated her resources, to four and a half years was mainly due to her supply by British traders of foodstuffs and the material for munitions. This was accomplished by sales ostensibly to neutral countries. The enemy was thus continuously supplied until 1917, when, with the entrance of the United States into the war, the blockade was for the first time enforced, and Germany's gradual starvation began.

"The British public will learn with some surprise," writes a reviewer of Admiral Consett's startling book, in the *London Morning Post*, "that the diplomatic objections raised by the United

States Government to British action in stopping American ships which were trading with the enemy were based upon the facts that this country was itself trading with the enemy (see dispatch, Cd. 8234), and that the Prize Courts (whose decisions are internationally recognized) had been superseded.

"It cannot possibly be contended that either British traders or the British Government were under the least delusion that the excess of the normal exports to neutrals—amounting to double, treble and even ten times the pre-war amounts—did not go to Germany, either by re-export or in the shape of manufacture. Admiral Consett shows that the agreements made by neutrals as to supplying the enemy were waste paper. . . . That information was, of course, furnished to the government at the time. It will be observed that the supplies could have been stopped by a simple prohibition of export. The navy could have prevented smuggling.

"In what did the supplies consist? It should be noted that the pre-war exports are not in question, but the excess over pre-war exports, which invariably went to the enemy. Admiral Consett gives the official statistics in the case of every article.

"Admiral Consett states that his book was not written for the purpose of exciting useless recriminations, but to demonstrate the decisive power of economic 'unarmed forces' exercised and supported by a supreme navy. . . . He is solely anxious that the greatest blunder (and perhaps the greatest crime) in history should not be repeated."

Admiral Consett gives the official statistics in the case of every article. It will suffice to quote some examples. During the first four months of 1915, the increases of the exports of cocoa from Great Britain to Scandinavia, Hol-

land and Italy, as compared with the corresponding period of 1913, were as follows:

	1913 lb.	1915 lb.
January	260,361	2,626,687
February	116,868	1,628,173
March	137,423	4,060,428
April	415,815	3,903,633

These figures were furnished by the British Government to the United States Government at the request of America.

Coal.—Supplied in unlimited quantities to Scandinavian ships, railways and factories, which supplied Germany. "Germany received all she required to the end of the war through the prodigal supplies of coal from her foolish and gullible enemy."

All fishing requisites, including nets, yarn, rope, petrol, tin.—Denmark and Sweden sent *forty-six times* the amount of fish to Germany that this country received.

Oil-seeds, nuts, tallow, lard, fish-oils, animal oils and fats.—These were used by the enemy for the manufacture of glycerine, which was used in the manufacture of high explosives. Exports from the British Empire doubled and quadrupled. Ex-

ports to the enemy from Denmark of fat cattle doubled.

Copper.—The British export of copper to Sweden was doubled. The Swedish export of copper to Germany was trebled.

Zinc.—In the first six weeks of 1916 the British Government allowed 20,000 tons of zinc ore to go to Rotterdam. Thence it was sent to Liège, where it was made into spelter by the Germans. "The ore, too, was of that very quality which Germany required in the preparation of hydrogen gas for the inflation of her Zeppelins."

Nickel.—Sweden was the workshop of Germany. In 1915 this country sent to Sweden *twelve times* the export of 1913.

Tin.—British exports to Sweden were five times the pre-war amount.

Cotton.—This was not even declared contraband until August, 1915. British exports to Sweden rose from 1,940 tons in 1913 to 10,300 in 1915; to Norway, from 460 to 6,600; to Denmark, from 14 to 3,000 in 1915 and 6,000 in 1916.

Money.—"Large sums of money in British paper currency were allowed into Scandinavia, and were actually carried by the British Foreign Office messengers. . . . The profits from its sale to the Germans reached the colossal figure of 50 per cent."

STRENGTH TESTS OF APES REVEAL MEN AS PIGMIES

RECENT strength tests with dynamometers in the New York Zoological Park have revealed a truly astounding muscular power in certain of the larger apes. They were able to pull two to four times as hard as the average college athlete of corresponding weight. And that without any of the training or preparation such as college athletes undergo.

The difficulty of getting the apes to make a fair test of their strength was found to be great. They are ludicrously afraid of revolvers, and the dynamometer glistened sufficiently to make them think it might be some similar sort of weapon. And when they grew accustomed to the metallic glisten of the apparatus they quickly lost interest in it.

By attaching ropes to the machine they could be persuaded to pull, especially if a man pulled on the other end, but when they found the machine to stand firm they stopped pulling long before their maximum strength had been put forth. In addition, they had a tendency to jerk the rope instead of making a strong, smooth pull.

However, one of the larger apes proved more amenable to testing and provided the investigator, John E. Bauman, with a really thrilling exhibition of strength. This was Suzette, otherwise known as Sister Susie, and she is described by Mr. Bauman in the *Scientific Monthly* as "a highly-trained adult female chimpanzee who formerly was a circus attraction, being a good bicycle rider and an adept at roller skating.



Courtesy N. Y. Zoological Society

SHE WOULD BE A TERROR IN THE PRIZE RING

The strength tests of this chimpanzee Suzette put human athletes to shame. She lifts 1,000 pounds with ease.

She has recently attracted some notice because of her being the only chimpanzee to have had two children born to her while in captivity, Boma being the father."

The increasing treacherousness and meanness of Suzette's disposition was the factor that finally compelled her owner to retire her from circus life and

place her in the New York Zoological Park. It was her disposition, however, which caused the first test with her to be a complete success. As the writer had just finished fastening the chain that held the opposite end of the apparatus firmly to the steel frame several feet in front of the cage, Suzette, evidently thinking she had the handlers of the apparatus at a disadvantage and could pull it to pieces, sprang at the rope and, bracing both feet against the bars, pulled it back with both hands upon the rope, making a pull on the latter that recorded 1,260 pounds upon the dial of the recording device.

After the first pull, we read, Suzette refused to really exert herself, although she made one two-hand pull of 580 pounds without appearing to make a noticeable effort.

An average college student of Suzette's weight, 135 pounds, can pull in an approximately similar position and manner only 332 pounds, while one out of every hundred students can thus pull 500 pounds. Therefore Suzette's superiority on the basis of weight is in the ratio of more than three to one, while it would be an exceptional college student of any weight whose record she could not easily double.

Boma, the largest chimpanzee at present in captivity and whose weight is estimated at

165 pounds, is a magnificent specimen of muscular development. But nothing Mr. Bauman could do would induce him to exhibit his full strength in a good two-handed pull.

Mr. Bauman did succeed in obtaining a one-hand pull from Boma which registered 847 pounds, together with an effortless right hand of 640 pounds.

The strength of these anthropoid apes is out of all proportion to the dimensions and firmness of their muscles as compared with men. Under the fingers their muscles are not remarkably hard, and their size and girth is very slight.

A little 95-pound orang, named Dempsey, a lovable, sinewy little chap, refused to pull at the apparatus, but seized the rope when the investigator took the other end, and hauled him unceremoniously up against the bars of the cage. With a hand-grip dynamometer he registered 65 kilos, which could scarcely have been his maximum in view of the steel grip of his fingers

around Mr. Bauman's wrist. Even a 95-pound ape is more than a match for a man.

The question suggested by these tests is, naturally, if 135-pound Sister Susie could pull 1,260 pounds, what could an eight-foot, 450-pound gorilla pull? As Arthur Brisbane, commenting on these tests, remarks in the *New York American*, a full-grown gorilla could tackle a hundred of the world's best boxers simultaneously, tear them all to pieces, and come off unharmed. Even little 135-pound Susie could climb into the prize-ring and pitch Dempsey or Willard or Johnson out on their heads into Row D of the ringside spectators.

AN ADVENTURER WHO FOUGHT ON ALL SIDES IN THE GREAT WAR

SINGULARLY devoid was the Great War of figures which the future can weave into the tapestry of poesy and song and fable. Yet one such strange and almost incredible figure exists, according to William Bolitho, correspondent of the *London Outlook*, and will live forever like Til Eulenspiegel and Robin Hood and other folk heroes.

His name was Pierre François Bayens, and he was the man who, though past military age, contrived by a score of desertions and volunteer enlistments to fight alternately on all fronts and in all armies during the Great War. And he risked his neck in this extraordinary manner, shifting from army to army in the uniforms of dead soldiers all for the pursuit of his trade—his amazing trade of confidence man and pick-pocket.

We are assured that the story of Bayens is mainly true. The Prefecture of Police of Paris admits it, and it has corroboration at Bucharest and Berlin. He is a swindler by trade, lying under arrest at this hour in Bâle in Switzerland, for a common fraud done in Paris. Old warrants against him, in 1916 and 1917, held by the police of

Berlin, Paris, and Brussels for similar offences, and, it is said, at Moscow, are the clearest documentary evidence for his history. The details hang partly on his own word; and he is not a modest man, being rather in the confidence line, and given on other matters to interested boasting. The amazing fact or story remains, believed by respectable authorities and printed in the highly reputable *Temps*, as well as in more credulous papers in five capitals. It is that Bayens fought in almost every army, friend and enemy, during the War; that he is entitled to medals from the Belgian, French, German, Austrian, Rumanian, and Polish armies; that he saw four big offensives, two on each side. In three of his allegiances at least, he showed his command of circumstance by committing a series of frauds on officers and men. He was twice court-martialled by the French, one for theft, once (it may have been unjustly!) for wearing decorations to which he had no claim; and once he served a month, as a soldier, in a Berlin military prison for insulting and riotous behavior.

He was born of a German mother and Belgian father, near Brussels; he

is almost fifty years old. Little is known of him till the year before the War, when, in spite of his age, he enlisted in the Royal Belgian Grenadiers. He is very tall and walks with a limp; this makes his strange adventures still more inexplicable, for his size and build make him easily recognizable. His story is hard to disengage from the web of romance which has tangled round it; but it seems established that he shared in the Retreat, deserted at Havre, joined the French Foreign Legion, and from there slipped across the line in a dead German's uniform, stayed a week in the opposite trenches, was sent down to the base, transferred to a Saxon regiment, from which he deserted in turn. He claims to have taken part in Mackensen's drive, leaving him to join the Rumanians, which may be true. Most of the time he appears to have served as a regimental cook, or waiter attached to officers' messes, for most of his frauds were committed in this quality. His two wounds, however, are real. Though stories of his gallantry on both sides at the battle of Verdun may be dismissed, the truth appears to be that he did not disgrace himself, saw a deal of fighting, and for the rest kept quiet in each service, allowing nothing to interfere with his disgraceful trade.

It is enough that here was a unique man. Europe was fenced and entrenched from end to end; for most, no matter how keen their wit and serious their dignity, it was impossible, not only to travel and do what they would, but to evade the obligations of military service for their country. The chains of control on the individual, by papers and docketing and passports, were apparently unbreakable. Yet this man freely moved where he wished in the pursuit of his own small and ignominious designs, more carelessly and easily than a swallow above the battle lines. He was not intelligent, though

no fool; his size and build marked him out for attention; he was a boaster who made no deep secret of his extraordinary desertions even before the French court-martial, though that, perhaps, was one of the reasons for his miraculous immunity. His tale was so strange that it was taken for a joke; he was never troubled by the police of any country on other charges than theft. It never seems to have occurred to him or anyone else that his knowledge of short cuts in the impenetrable jungle of wartime Europe would have made him a spy to make the mouth of Foreign Offices water. For even in France, where *espionnage* is an explanation for most phenomena of the War, it was never said that he was ever anything but a swindler. For years (and what years!) he was the only free man of Europe, the universal volunteer. Yet he never shirked the firing-line wherever he might be, though no man had ever less sentimental reason to risk his skin.

He is reported to have fought readily, if unremarkably, for French and German, Austrian or Rumanian. There is no charge against him of having ever tried to quit his grim station. While men were fighting and dying for their illusions or ideals, Bayens was beside them, indifferent to their goal, picking their pockets, unregardful of right or wrong—in their danger and on their leave, sharing the one, and shortening the other by his depredations, never betraying anything but their pockets: utterly impersonal, preoccupied only with his trade.

He defended or attacked, as his fortune fell, marched up and down, sang *Madelon* or *Deutschland über Alles* in rival bivouacs with equal vigor and even accent; he goose-stepped victoriously in Wallachia, or counter-attacked on the Somme, and mocked at militarism and tyranny wherever the shadow of a purse enticed him.



A FRENCH SCHOLAR'S MASTERLY ESSAY ON CIVILIZATION

MANY histories of different civilizations have been written; but, until now, no study of the nature of civilization itself has been made. So Prof. Charles Richet, of the University of Paris, declares in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in which he very capably fills the gap. The word "civilization," he notes, is modern; it scarcely ever appeared in the French language until the end of the eighteenth century. It carries with it, moreover, two quite different senses. There is the restricted sense in which it is taken to mean the sum total of opinions and customs in a society. There is the wider sense in which it is contrasted with savagery and conceived as growing in proportion as savagery tends to disappear. Professor Richet devotes himself to an analysis of the diverse elements which civilization implies when compared with savagery.

The first point that he makes is that civilization is necessarily based on intelligence. "Science is an integral part of civilization." But it does not suffice, we are told, that a little group of intellectuals and savants have been able, by piercing scientific labor, to discover a few truths about things and beings, to plumb a few of the mysteries which envelope us. It is necessary also that the whole body of the nation should be advised of them.

"If the scientific discoveries have not entered into the public mind, if they remain confined in a tower of ivory, a library, a laboratory or some most learned and isolated personage, the general civilization will scarcely be reached by it." The argument proceeds:

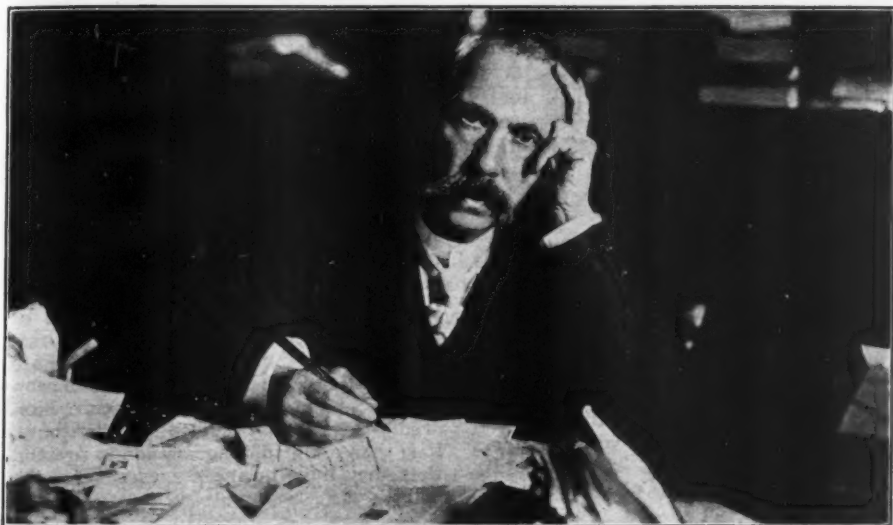
"Look at these truly scientific terms which the primary school teacher employs: they have become so popular that one can scarcely apply to them any longer the ambitious term 'scientific.' Barometer, thermometer, microbes, antiseptics, planet, oxygen, mass; these words, usual to-day, are understood pretty well by all the little children of civilized countries from the time they are twelve or fifteen years of age.

"I would not wish to affirm that often enormous ignorances and even more enormous errors do not lurk in the mind of the little Brittany girl, or the small Sicilian lad who pronounces the words, barometer, thermometer and microbe. All the same these little children, when, after school,

they re-enter their cottages, know something more than was known by the children of their age in the times of Hannibal or Charlemagne. The Esquimaux, the Hottentots, the Papuans have not, even in the farthest degree, anything which resembles this rudimentary science of our little peasants. Also we have the right to say that these Esquimaux, Hottentots and Papuans are less civilized than us."

IT is characteristic of the grimly realistic spirit in which the civilized world has emerged from the Great War that everywhere men are discussing the idea of progress. Is progress an illusion or is it a fact? Has faith in progress been killed by the War? Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, who is sometimes described as the greatest contemporary English thinker, has frankly given up the idea of progress, in the ordinarily accepted sense. Prof. Charles Richet, of the University of Paris, who won the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1913, takes a more optimistic view. In a leading article in a recent issue of the *"Revue des Deux Mondes,"* in which, for the first time, a methodical effort is made to answer the question, What is civilization? Professor Richet sees humanity advancing, in spite of all appearances to the contrary. "If only from the intellectual point of view," he writes, "civilization to-day is greatly superior to what it was in the time of Leonardo da Vinci and even of Franklin, and much beneath that in which our great-grandchildren will live."

From this argument that civilization involves the diffusion and extension of



THE HOPEFUL ANALYST OF CIVILIZATION

Charles Richet, director of the *Revue Scientifique*, one-time winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine, Professor of Physiology in the University of Paris, has searched history from the beginning until now and emerges with a hopeful message. The future belongs, he would have us believe, to science and justice, despite Prussianism, despite Bolshevism.

knowledge Professor Richet passes on to speak of the rôle of art. He maintains that there are *changes*, but not *progress*, in art:

"In truth the conception of beauty depends on the time and place. Absolute beauty is nonsense. Art is unstable, versatile. It transforms itself rapidly; but we cannot say that it progresses. Phidias is not inferior to Michael Angelo, nor Michael Angelo to Rodin. No one would dare proclaim that the contemporary painters draw better than Velasquez and Rembrandt, or that Chardin and Fragonard have a superior color-sense to that of Raphael and Rubens. No one would dare sustain the proposition that 'Prometheus Bound,' and 'Oedipus at Colonna' are better than 'Hamlet,' 'Phèdre' or 'Faust'! Must we bring down from their niches the Venus of Milo and the Victory of Samothrace to replace them by marbles of Houdon or of Canova? The modern poets, great though they are, Dante, Goethe, Victor Hugo, do not make us forget Homer, nor Virgil, nor Lucretius."

Professor Richet next addresses himself to the task of showing how the

realist kind of progress takes place in the field of science. He speaks of the conquest of space by railroads, telegraphs, steamboats, aeroplanes, wireless, and quotes the saying of the historian Victor Duruy: "If I had to write a general history, I would divide it into two parts: the world before railroads and the world after railroads." The social effects of printing and of industrial machinery have been nothing less than revolutionary. There has been real progress also, according to Professor Richet, in medicine. He mentions in this connection Claude Bernard and Louis Pasteur, and goes on to say: "If we admit that civilization is, above all, the diminution of human unhappiness, then we must admit that the deepening knowledge of maladies is one of the principal characteristics of civilization."

But the conquest of matter and knowledge do not, in themselves, suffice to separate us from a certain kind of barbarism. With what is evidently a side-glance at pre-war Germany, Professor Richet says: "One can readily

conceive of a highly instructed society which might exist, rich in telegraphs, in aeroplanes, in railroads, in bacteriological institutes, mathematical institutes and pyrotechnical institutes, and which was at the same time downright immoral, cruel, corrupt and unworthy of the name of civilized nation." The argument continues:

"In the history of humanity, the great moral progress seems to have been in the institution of justice. No one can be judge of his own case. In consequence there must be judges; there must be something superior to the fantasy and passion of the individual. There must be Law, a law, laws. To give force to the Law and authority to the tribunal which renders justice, that is the first step humanity made after the crime of Cain. True civilization protects the life of every human being, and every attempt upon his rights is immediately suppressed. Life, property and the liberty of each individual protected by the law and guaranteed by the courts—such is the basis of all civilization."

The question arises, Will present-day civilization last? and Professor Richet carefully weighs opposing arguments before he comes to a conclusion. There are ominous signs, he admits, on the horizon—the everlasting menace of war, the venality of journalism, the terrifying inequalities and social injustices, a frenzy of mercantilism which threatens to corrupt everything. A social cataclysm is possible. Prussianism may come to life again.

"We can always fear an incursion of barbarians, invading the occidental world, as they invaded the world of Trajan, fifteen centuries ago. The Bolsheviks, who are half-savage Asiatics, will they unite with the Yellow Men to inundate Europe, and perhaps also America, with millions of wild men? The anarchistic elements which agitate down at the bottom of every nation, will they profit by the feebleness of the middle classes to destroy our complicated social organization? The hard and savant militarism of Germany, will it be reborn from its ashes to impose by force of arms a régime of iron and of blood? All that is possible, though it is scarcely likely."

Fortunately, there are hopeful signs to set against such ominous possibilities. America, with her "admirable fires of idealism," is one of them.

"If there are millionaires in America, that is to say, men who by bold speculations or ingenious inventions have enriched themselves immeasurably, these millionaires know how to show a generosity almost unknown amongst us, perhaps because there are no millionaires among us. In any case, Rockefeller, Carnegie and others consecrate nobly a great part of their fortunes to scientific or social works. In prodigality for good, the Americans are our masters. Their libraries are incomparable; their scientific institutes a hundred times better provided for than ours. It is then a sinister ingratitude to pretend that they have no incense except for the dollar god."

The essay closes on this hopeful note. Professor Richet, as he binds together the threads of his argument, sees civilization inevitably triumphant because it is served not only by science and art, but also by moral ideas:

"There are sciences which, by their profound theories, teach us something about the forces which envelope us. There are multiple applications of sciences to industry, to medicine, to hygiene; distances rapidly crossed; natural forces placed at our service. There are also the arts which charm the spirit, and, opening vast horizons, permit us to outpace our poor material mobility. But there is above all the love of liberty and justice; the respect for the rights of others; the cult of our individual dignity.

"All these concepts, essentially distinct, become confounded, interrelated, to make that which we call, simply, civilization.

"And I do not know how to set forth the civilization of the future, which, in my incorrigible optimism, I foresee as very beautiful, except in the striking picture presented in his last Encyclical by Pope Pius XI., who retraces in vigorous terms the precepts of human solidarity which it is necessary, in the troublous times through which we pass, to present to the young generations.

"In résumé, if they demanded of me what would be the civilization of to-morrow, I could only reply by the two words, prophetic and dominant: Science and Justice."

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON'S LIST OF GREAT AMERICANS

TO the many lists of "great" books, "great" men and "great" women which American newspapers and magazines have published during recent months, Dr. James Harvey Robinson, formerly Professor of History at Columbia University and now connected with the New School for Social Research, adds one more. It was compiled at the request of the editor of the *American Magazine*, who asked Dr. Robinson to write an article on the seven greatest Americans, to give his reasons for considering them such, and to tell what, as individuals, we might learn from them. Dr. Robinson confesses that the task at first thought seemed hazardous, if not impossible. He was indisposed to undertake it. But on further reflection the possibilities of the subject emerged, and he began to wonder how much truth there was in the words of the poet, which he learned in the Fourth Reader:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

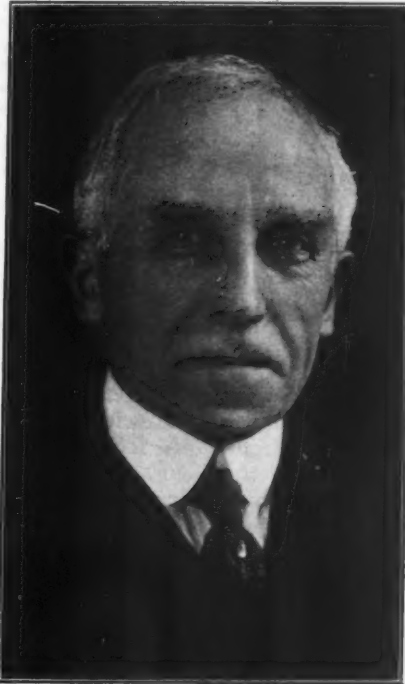
Dr. Robinson's view-point is that of a radical; his idea of greatness is keyed to the thought of moral heroism and even of martyrdom; so it is easy to understand why he selects Abraham Lincoln as the first name on his list. It is not so easy to understand why he ignores Thomas Jefferson and passes Washington and Franklin with the comment: "I wonder if they did not owe their fame largely to circumstance rather than to any exhibition on their part of highly exceptional ability or genius."

The second name on the list is Theodore Roosevelt. "For incredible vitality, marvelously varied capacities and achievements, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge and experience, of all dead politicians, T. R. must be awarded

the palm. He lived six or eight lives in the span of one. No man ever illustrated better what a multitude of different things one can find time for if one will."

We get, next, a consideration of "captains of industry" and a discussion of the comparative merits of Carnegie, Hill, Morgan, Rockefeller and Henry Ford which finally narrows down to the last two named. Dr. Robinson writes in this connection:

"Ford is reputed to be richer than Rockefeller now, and he is not yet sixty years old, whereas Rockefeller is over eighty-three. So there are possibilities ahead for



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HE HAS MADE THINKING POPULAR
Dr. Robinson's book, "The Mind in the Making," became a best seller soon after its publication, and has brought its author international fame.

the younger man with which it is impossible to reckon. The Ford cars and tractors and the extraordinary methods used in cheapening their production have greatly influenced the daily lives of millions of people. Then Ford's courage and success in bucking other powerful financial and industrial combinations are exhilarating to the onlooker, as are his bold experiments in paying high wages. But the sorry fiasco of the 'Peace Ship' and, especially, his anti-Semitic mania, reflect on Ford's knowledge and judgment when he wanders beyond his own bailiwick. Rockefeller, on the other hand, in spite of all the bitter criticism his business methods have aroused, has devoted half a billion dollars to the promotion of science and learning according to the accepted standards of his age. So on the whole I believe that he should be adjudged the more considerable man and placed *Third* on our list as the representative of modern business."

Edison takes an uncontested place as the fourth on the list, and Dr. Robinson goes on to estimate literary candidates. He mentions Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Howells and Henry James, but ranks them all as inferior to Mark Twain. " 'Roughing It,' 'Tom Sawyer,' 'A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,' 'Pudd'nhead Wilson' and 'Innocents Abroad' have delighted so many hearts both in his own country and across the sea! And if one would discover his real estimate of the 'damned human race,' as he used to call it, one should read his 'Mysterious Stranger,' prudently reserved for publication until after his death. So we will put him *Fifth* on our list."

The final group considered is the one in which Dr. Robinson admits that he

is personally most deeply interested: what may be called the "thinkers," who range beyond the confines of a particular art or science or profession, and endeavor to clarify our notions about man, his nature, possibilities and destiny. In this group he finds that four stand out preeminent—William James, George Santayana, Thorstein Veblen and John Dewey. He speaks of the "Olympian" qualities of Santayana. He calls Veblen "the Henry James of Economics and Sociology." But he has to concede that both appeal to the few, rather than to the many. Then he says:

SEVEN AMERICANS

WHEN asked recently by the editor of the "American Magazine" the question, Who are the seven greatest Americans? Dr. James Harvey Robinson, of the New School for Social Research, named Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller, Thomas Edison, Mark Twain, William James and John Dewey. He says that he is as much surprised as anyone else that the list has fallen out thus; but "of course," he continues, "the question has a certain fantastic quality about it and any answer is bound to partake of grotesqueness. All dogmatism is out of place and the fun consists in *thinking*, not in *deciding* in a matter that really cannot, in the nature of things, be decided."

"William James, who taught for many years at Harvard, is in a sense the Lincoln of our national philosophy in the peculiar affection that his admirers have for him. He was a most lovable personality. His great work on psychology put the whole subject in a new light, brought it close to every one of us and made it of urgent daily importance. The work he began in obeying the ancient

behest to 'understand ourselves' has been carried on by others, and the 'new' psychology should in the end enable us to lead far more intelligent lives than has hitherto been possible, and to make far better terms with ourselves and others than previous generations have done. John Dewey has carried on James's work and advanced far beyond him in the analysis of human nature and conduct. He has shown why the older philosophy and psychology were too remote from the lives we really lead to cast much light upon our paths. He shows how we must use intelligence to break and modify old, noxious habits. . . . So it falls out that, reckoning with both merit and fame, William James must appear as *Sixth* on my list and John Dewey as the *Seventh*."

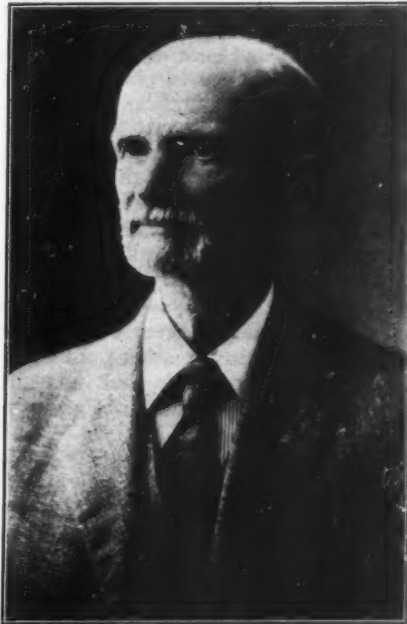
TRACING THE QUALITIES THAT MAKE FOR SPIRITUAL DAMAGE

"DAMAGED SOULS" is the striking title of a series of seven portrayals by Gamaliel Bradford that have lately been running in *Harper's Magazine* and are now published in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company. The seven treated are all Americans — Benedict Arnold, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Brown, Phineas Taylor Barnum and Benjamin Franklin Butler. The method of treatment is that of "psychography." Mr. Bradford recalls Professor Saintsbury's use of this word in connection with Sainte-Beuve, and distinguishes it from biography and from literary portraiture. Biography gives an account of a man's life in chronological sequence. Portraiture, in its original sense, is an effort to present a man at one particular period. But psychography, as Mr. Bradford defines it, "endeavors above all to get rid of the temporary, the epochal, and to distil from a man's whole life the larger, permanent essence of his soul." Mr. Bradford has always been something of a psychographer, and the application of his method in six previous books has been notably successful. "This Bradford," Henry L. Mencken has said in the *New York Evening Post*, "is the man who invented the formula of Lytton Strachey's 'Queen Victoria.'" He "writes with a mellowed wisdom and a juster mind than Lytton Strachey," the *New York Times* comments.

There was bound to be protest against the grouping in Mr. Bradford's latest book. The moment Thomas Paine was bracketed with Benedict Arnold, his admirers registered their complaint that such an insult should be passed on one of the most conspicuous founders of American Independence. Forgetting the brutal acts and the incurable fanaticism of John Brown, his friends objected to his being classed with men of the type of Arnold and Burr. It

was natural that Randolph's following should be equally indignant, while the families of Barnum and of Butler were likely to object to their being rated as damaged souls.

Nevertheless, "though in vastly varying measure," Mr. Bradford asserts, "I have felt in all these cases, the more I came to study them, that the general classification was correctly applied. The quality of damage might be very different; but the essential spiritual damage was there. Indeed, I was inclined to think that the mere objective, external damage, the injury inflicted upon others by treasons like those of Arnold and Burr, was a less ineradicable, less damning taint than the inner obliquity or inadequacy, harder to seize and define,



THE PSYCHOGRAPHER

"Psychography," rather than biography, has been the aim of Gamaliel Bradford in "Damaged Souls" and six previous books. He defines the word as an effort to "distil from a man's whole life the larger, permanent essence of his soul."

but even more oppressive to feel, of some others of the group."

Proceeding to trace in these different figures collectively the influence of some of the most marked elements that usually account for spiritual damage, Mr. Bradford speaks, first, of ambition, "the sin by which the angels fell":

"I do not know that one of our group can be said to have had sufficient largeness of intellect, sufficient intensity of concentrated imaginative power, to have held to one vast goal of success from beginning to end. Brown, with his personal ambition intimately identified with the will of God, perhaps suggests it most. The others were all opportunists, restlessly, eagerly anxious to do great things and win a great place in the world, but leaving the how mainly to the whim of circumstance. Of course, they all disclaimed ambition, as we all do, and they were all more or less distracted from it by other considerations, Arnold by passion, Burr by pleasure, Randolph by temper, Barnum and Butler by money. But with every one of them the love of glory was an essential and controlling motive, and most of them made it manifest in an idle and misplaced vanity."

Taking up, next, the part that money plays in the deterioration of character, Mr. Bradford says that the lives of Barnum and Butler were sufficiently disfigured by it. He exempts Paine and Brown, "mainly, if not wholly," from the money taint. But "avarice discredited the latter days of Randolph, utter financial mismanagement, with its sure train of ruin to others, haunted the whole career of Burr, and it is unnecessary to suggest what money did to Benedict Arnold."

Then there is alcohol, almost as clinging and destructive in its subtle power of ruin as gold. But in Mr. Bradford's group alcohol was mainly less significant. "It may have played some part in the damage of Arnold, but a comparatively slight one. It injured Paine's memory, if not his character. Randolph alone was mastered by it to a serious extent, and even with him alcohol was probably only a secondary agent, working in conjunction with the yet more

furios demons of temper and nerves."

And women? Again it must be said that this usually so fruitful cause of spiritual damage does not play a predominant part here. "Burr alone, of all the seven, was largely notable for sexual irregularity, and even with Burr it might be suggested that he did a good deal more damage to women than women did to him."

Mr. Bradford's main emphasis is on what he calls the *universality* of spiritual damage:

"Perhaps essentially most of the members of the group here discussed were not much more damaged than the average of their human brothers and sisters. When we come to think over distinguished historical personages, or even Tom, Dick and Harry, whom we meet daily in the street, some element of imperfection presents itself, which would make it easy to include them in such a list, or even difficult to keep them out. And it is probably the conspicuous stage on which their damage was displayed, rather than its fundamental quality, which gives some at least of my subjects their claim to a notorious position. Least of all can the writer of such a book claim to be exempt from the damage which he attributes to those whom he discloses. Indeed, he has felt that the sure sign of his own innate depravity was the profound extent to which he sympathized with every one of the souls who came under his pen and the singular tenderness with which they inspired him. The impetuous heroism of Arnold, the noble and sincere idealism of Paine, the cordial, enchanting amiability of Burr, the wayward chivalry of Randolph, the mystical attitude of Brown, even the rollicking good nature of Barnum, and the robust, rotund, gross humanity of Butler, who could resist them and fail to forget in them for the moment the darker blots and stains? I confess that I could not, and was often forced to the desperate conclusion of Falstaff: 'I am bewitched with the rogue's company.'"

The entire book is keyed to the spirit of the old saying: "To understand all is to forgive all." Arnold, Paine, Burr, Randolph, Brown, Barnum and Butler become, in Mr. Bradford's interpretation, names for the selves that any of us might have been.

A FRENCH GLIDER CROSSES THE ENGLISH CHANNEL FOR A RECORD

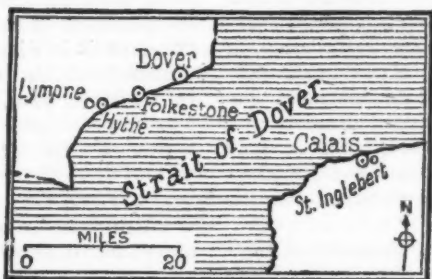
A FRENCH aviator, Georges Barbot, has won the distinction of making the first flight across the English Channel and back in a tiny monoplane of the glider type with a 15-horse-power engine which consumed less than a gallon of gasoline. As the London *Times* admits,

"the French flier has gotten nearer 'the secret of the birds' than any of his predecessors, and may have opened a new phase in the development of human flight."

Barbot's glide was an attempt to win a prize of \$25,000 francs (\$5,000 nominal) offered by the *Paris Matin*. The conditions of the flight were that his engine should not exceed 1,500 c.c. capacity (actually it was 15 h.p.) and that his gasoline supply for the whole journey should not exceed two litres (rather more than half a gallon). On this basis the outlay on gasoline for the crossing both ways would be 40 cents. The time spent in the air was 2 hours and 3 minutes.

Barbot was escorted by a seaplane and by a submarine chaser. His machine was a Dewoitine monoplane fitted, in the first place, with an Anzoni motor, but, in order to comply with the conditions of the competition, this motor was replaced by a Clerget.

Barbot had never previously accomplished a flight of 76 miles, which is the distance between St. Inglebert, near Calais, France, and Lympne, near Hythe, England, and back. He had, however, sustained flight for a longer period than was required for the crossing.



SHOWING THE ROUTE TRAVERSED BY GEORGES BARBOT IN "GLIDING" ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND BACK

He covered 76 miles in 2 hours and 3 minutes and his 15-horse-power engine consumed less than a gallon of gasoline.

Although much has been written in an almost mystical vein by ornithologists and by aviators as to the ability of birds in gliding flight to extract energy from some unknown source, there is no reason to believe that they depart from the ordinary laws of physics. By exquisite acquired

and instinctive skill, and by a perfection of mechanism, they use the pull of gravitation and the shifting currents of air to their own purpose. But, as the *Times* observes, they also use their muscles in accordance with the conservation of energy, to rise from the ground, to push off from a branch or to get from one favorable current to another.

Major C. C. Turner, a British army aero expert, stating, in the *London Telegraph*, that "it is becoming more and more clear that birds soar by reason of some peculiar condition of the air rather than through anything wonderful in the shape of wing or body," recites an experiment in a wind turmoil with the body of a cheel, one of the best soarers. Instead of discovering that it had a gliding gradient of something less than 1 in 30 or, perhaps, 1 in 50—and only by that assumption did its marvelous performances seem possible to many careful observers—it was found to have a gliding gradient of no more than 1 in 5, which is worse than that of many heavy-engined aeroplanes.

The little motor-driven propeller, added to the glider, has apparently replaced the muscles of the bird, and has enabled M. Barbot to leave the ground and to hold a favorable air current.

A SURE CURE FOR DIABETES IS DISCOVERED?

ONE by one the diseases which seek human destruction are overcome by science. Diabetes is one of the latest of these implacable enemies to succumb. A treatment has been found for this dread disease, and has been thoroughly tried out in half a dozen hospitals on several hundred cases. Diabetes is declared to be doomed.

Speaking before an audience of physicians the other day, Dr. Simon Flexner, Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, acclaimed the chance discovery of insulin, and said of this new remedy for diabetes:

"Insulin gives promise of being one of the great medical contributions to the world. It was found by a young man, a doctor named F. G. Banting, an assistant in the physiological department of a medical school in western Ontario. No one had ever heard of him. In fact, there was no reason why anyone should have heard of him.

"This young doctor didn't know much about diabetes. Quite by chance he discovered how to get insulin and use it as a cure. At Toronto he proved the efficacy of his treatment. We experienced physicians who had so much material and so much scientific background to help us find a cure for diabetes failed. We feel like kicking ourselves.

"The world is enormously richer to-day than it ever has been before as a result of Dr. Banting's discovery of insulin. It seems to me that mankind will never again be in the grip of this disease as it has been for so long. There is still a bit of danger in its use, but some day we will all know just how to administer it. Then all the world, every hamlet of it, will appreciate the benefits."

What, then, is insulin? In a healthy pancreatic gland in a healthy body it is daily manufactured by everyone. The pancreas is the gland known in the meat market as sweetbreads of the abdomen, as contrasted with sweetbreads of the

neck, meaning the thyroid gland. When the pancreas is examined under the microscope it is discovered to contain innumerable little islands. Drs. Banting, C. H. Best, J. J. McLeod and others, working in the physiological laboratories of the University of Toronto, proved that these little islands of *langerhans* (as they are called after their German discoverer) secrete a substance altogether different from ordinary pancreatic juice, which is passed into the blood instead of flowing, like the pancreatic juice, into the bowel. Insula being the Latin name for island, they decided to call the mysterious product of these islands insulin. Their great problem was to extract and keep unimpaired in chemical power the insulin produced in the pancreas. This laboratory problem was solved at last after long and weary experimentation.

When the Physiological Laboratory of the University of Toronto announced that it had contrived to keep isolated the product of the pancreatic islands and that it could be injected into the tissues without discomfort or injury, the angel of hope revealed herself to thousands of sufferers from diabetes throughout the world.

Arrangements were made by the Toronto investigators to distribute some of the preparation to six of the leading hospitals in the United States. The Montefiore Hospital in New York City was fortunate enough to be among those selected, and for eight months work in the treatment of diabetes with insulin has gone forward in a special ward, with special nurses, and with wonderful results.

Dr. A. I. Ringer, who has been in charge of this work, states that of the eighty patients treated, five had been in coma, from which only few heretofore had ever come out. A man, past fifty, pronounced incurable, is now traveling in Europe, Dr. Ringer said. He

must continue to inject insulin daily, but he and other patients have been taught to administer the life-preserving serum so that the services of a doctor or nurse are unnecessary.

Dr. Ringer says unequivocally that "no person should die of diabetes. Diabetic persons will die of other diseases, but they ought not die of diabetes itself. Insulin is undoubtedly one of the greatest discoveries of the age."

The death-dealing power of diabetes has been neutralized, but much remains to be discovered. The etiology of the disease; its cause, that is to say, and its prevention, are as yet entirely unknown. However, the discovery of insulin robs the disease of most of its terror.

Whether nature can cure diabetes

when the insulin gives the injured pancreas a rest from its daily labors, remains to be seen. The likelihood is, according to Dr. Joseph Collins, writing in the *New York Times*, that it will do so in the young. The old may have to be satisfied with life that is supported by daily insulin injection.

It is regarded as a subject for congratulation that the University of Toronto should have promptly patented this new and potent remedy. That will prevent its unscrupulous use. It will prevent what Dr. Collins calls "predatory propaganda." Further, its proper manufacture is thereby insured, in the hands of those capable of using it properly, efficiently and scientifically, for the good of mankind.

CAN WE SEE WITH OUR NOSES AND HEAR WITH OUR FINGERS?

HAS it ever been or will it ever be possible for human beings to see with their noses or hear with their finger tips? Can eyes be developed in the back of the head or wherever they might be needed? The amazing case of Willetta Huggins, the 17-year-old blind and deaf girl of Janesville, Wisconsin, makes these questions much less fantastic than they once would have seemed. For, *Popular Science Monthly* assures us, she can do some of these things, such, for instance, as recognizing colors by the sense of smell and spoken words by placing her fingers against the throat of the speaker. It is said she can identify people by their personal odors and she even knows when the family cat enters the room for a moment and then leaves.

Physicians and psychologists are debating the exact nature of her uncanny powers. Scientific tests have demonstrated, however, that the girl has a supernormal development of the senses of smell and touch. When she was nine years old, Willetta was left an orphan. A year later she was admitted to the Wisconsin School for the Blind

at Janesville. She was then partly blind and nearly deaf. Within five years she became totally blind and deaf. Introduced to the Helen Keller method of "hearing" by feeling the lips, she improved upon it by demonstrating an ability to "feel" what was said merely by the vibrations of the vocal chords. Word of her case spread to Chicago and recently she was examined before the Chicago Medical Society where the following facts are well attested:

"She can recognize spoken sounds when her fingers are touching the throat of the speaker. She insists that she does not hear the sounds. She says that she "feels" them. She can also feel sounds in the same way through a wooden rod, such as a billiard cue, one end of which is pressed against the chest of the speaker, the other end of which she touches.

"She carries around with her a portable telephone of the kind used by deaf people, but she does not put it to her ear. Instead, she touches the vibrating diaphragm in the telephone with the tips of her fingers. She asserts that she feels the vibrations of sound in this way. She has been able, under test, to hear concerts and stage

performances and to describe correctly what was happening. Aided by her telephonic apparatus, she can carry on a conversation with all the ease of a person who has perfect hearing.

"She can read newspaper headlines, the denominations of paper money, and similar matter printed in large type merely by running her fingers over it. She says she feels the ink on the paper.

"There is little doubt, also, that she can really smell colors. In a series of careful tests arranged by Dr. Thomas J. Williams, of Chicago, and Professor Robert H. Gault, of the Department of Psychology of Northwestern University, Willetta's eyes were thoroughly blindfolded by a pair of black goggles stuffed and covered with cotton and fastened down to her forehead by adhesive tape. She named correctly the colors of 30 samples of yarn as well as many other colored objects. This was done even without touching the yarns, merely by smelling them when they were held close to the end of a glass tube about four inches long."

Is it possible, asks the science journal, that Willetta Huggins differs

from other people only in that she happens to know how to use senses that all human beings possess but have neglected? We read:

"The biologist is inclined to say that it is quite possible. The common earthworm, for instance, has only one kind of nerves. His only sense, apparently, is the sense of touch. He has no eyes nor ears nor any sort of organ corresponding to our nose. Yet the earthworm can see, and will withdraw quickly into his burrow if you turn a light on him. He can hear perfectly the noise you make when you stamp your foot on the ground. He can smell his favorite foods some little distance away and he never makes a mistake about them. Evidently the touch nerves in his body perform for him the functions of all the kinds of nerves; they are his eyes, his ears, and his nose.

"It may be that our nerves, even after all these millions of years of training for some special job, have not forgotten that they used to be able to do all the jobs; that one and the same nerve was once the carrier of messages relative to all five of our present senses."

SCIENCE RAISES THE LOWLY PEANUT TO EMINENCE

GRADUATING from the circus tent, the once humble peanut has suddenly become one of our most important and wholesome food products. It serves more than a hundred needs of man and, reports *Popular Science Monthly*, its spectacular rise is due chiefly to the patient experiments of one man—George W. Carver, professor of agricultural science and husbandry at Tuskegee Institute. He is said to know more about peanuts than any other man in the United States.

Professor Carver took the friendless goober into his laboratory, cracked its shell, and probed deep into the secrets of its nutty meat. He found that it could be made into at least 145 different foods and useful articles. For example, that one ordinary tumblerful of shelled peanuts will produce a pint of rich, creamy milk that you can drink in your

coffee or pour over your morning cereal.

Every one is familiar with peanut butter, but few know that, besides 10 varieties of milk, peanuts can be made into five kinds of breakfast foods, two grades of flour, ice cream in all flavors, cake, candy, salad oils, five kinds of punches, bisque, "Worcestershire" sauce, chilli sauce, oleomargarin, and cheese—not to mention four kinds of meal stock for cattle feeding?

Also, peanuts can be made into many useful commercial articles, such as nine varieties of wood stains, leather dies in 19 shades, metal polishes, axle grease, toilet and laundry soaps, ink, tannic acid and glycerin?

All these uses Carver developed—and he is still at work. Even now he is perfecting several peanut medicines, and he is making quinine from the red outside skins of the nut. Peanuts are one

of our most wholesome, nourishing, healthful, appetizing foods, he says. Further:

"A pound of peanuts contains a little more of body-building nutriment than a pound of sirloin steak, and nearly twice as much heat and energy-producing nutriment. Peanut oils are palatable and supply the body with heat, fat and energy. The peanut contains proteins in abundance, as well as the much-prized legumin, lysin, myosin and amino acids."

Concerning peanut milk, he explains:

"It is rich, creamy and palatable, and it contains three times as much carbohydrates, three times as much protein and 12 times as much fat as cow's milk, and only one-tenth as much water. It was never intended to be substituted for cow's milk. It is a distinct product in the dietary of the human family. For culinary purposes its possibilities are practically unlimited. The sweet and the sour milk both can be used in the same ways as cow's milk; the curds can be made into many fancy types of cheese and fillers for pastry.

"Peanut milk is a perfect emulsion of

the oils, fats, proteins, carbohydrates and some of the ash of the peanuts. Many different kinds of milk can be made by controlling the proportions of carbohydrates and proteins and scientifically diluting the product. Its keeping qualities are about the same as those of cow's milk. It makes splendid bread, rich in flavor, and is excellent for creaming vegetables. Since it is a purely vegetable drink, it forms body-building nourishment for invalids or children."

The event that started Carver helping the peanut to fame was the disastrous invasion of the boll weevil into the cotton fields of Alabama. One day a wealthy woman farmer, owner of many acres, came to him and said:

"Mr. Carver, what are we farmers going to do for a money crop? The boll weevil is about to ruin us."

That set him to thinking. "How about the peanut?"

His laboratory experiments were of such character that as a result the peanut is returning a profitable money crop to thousands of acres of unprofitable farmland in the southern states.

HOW ELECTRICITY CAUSES DEATH

IN an exhaustive investigation of the mechanism of death by electricity, Professor Borrutau, of the University of Berlin, is declared to have found proof that the electric current, in coursing through the body, produces vibration effects in the heart that result in paralysis. If treated promptly, in the case of smaller animals it is possible to remove the effects of the vibration by repeated passages of the electric current through the body, but in larger animals and man this cannot be done.

In 214 cases of accidental electrocutions investigated, half of them revealed complete paralysis of the heart. In 82, reports the *Scientific American*, it was probable that the current had passed through the heart, while the passage of the current through the head, consequently through the respiratory centers, did not cause death.

As far as resuscitation of victims of electrical shock is concerned, Professor Borrutau holds that artificial respiration has no effect on the heart which has been coursed by the current and subjected to the resulting violent vibration. On the other hand, it is possible to obtain relief through other means. The chest cavity must be opened and the heart may be caused to beat once again by massaging it between the hands. The process may be simplified by opening the abdominal cavity, so as to be able to massage and knead both the heart and the diaphragm at one and the same time. Of course, for practical purposes this method of resuscitation is not very expedient, for it requires the entire equipment of aseptic surgery to carry it out, and in most cases the method cannot be applied until too late after the accident has taken place.



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

POETRY has never been defined to the satisfaction of anyone except the definers, and after some centuries of effort to say in a phrase what poetry is we are coming to realize that it never will be defined. By stringing together all the famous definitions—"the best words in the best order," "rhythmical creation of beauty," "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," "the light of the ideal shining through the actual"—does one surprise the thing itself at the end of them?

Better than the study of any number of definitions for one who wishes to press as close to the secret of poetry as analysis can go would be an effort to put into prose all that prose will hold of the meaning, power, beauty of some real poem. Let prose be driven to its extreme limits, and then, as a writer remarks in the *Christian Science Monitor*, where prose leaves off poetry begins. Under the title, "To One Who Asked," Kenneth Slade Alling prints the following three lines in *The Measure*, which attempt a poetic definition of poetry:

Ah, what are poems? There is a kind of
tree
That, bruised, bleeds golden blood into the
sea.
And now you need not ask again of me.

Observing that during the past twenty years in this country a considerable body of new poetry has been created, John Gould Fletcher declares, in *The Freeman*, that the most interesting feature of the so-called poetic renaissance is that "its creators are either men and women of very strongly marked individuality, or the most commonplace versifiers." At the same time "the atmosphere in which American poetry

has conducted its experiments during recent time has been hectic; and the result may be seen to-day in the number of damaged reputations that strew the field and in the growing public apathy to poetry. Despite the fact that the country is still seething with poetic talent, the single great figure which the creative outbreak of ten years ago seemed to promise, has not yet made an appearance."

Apropos of this statement, an English poet, Edith Sitwell, reminds us, in the *London Morning Post*, that "the poets who were admired by the critics and the public in the time of Shelley and Keats were Thomas Moore and Campbell," and that "no great poet has ever been recognized as such in his own time, at any rate, not since the days of criticism."

Meanwhile the Pulitzer prize of \$1,000 has been awarded by Columbia University to Miss Millay in recognition of her poetic output during the past year. Its greatness may be open to question, but there is not much question about the quality of distinction in such verse as the following, which appears in *Poetry* (Chicago):

THE CONCERT

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

NO, I will go alone.
I will come back when it's over
Yes, of course I love you.
No, it will not be long.
Why may you not come with me?—
You are too much my lover.
You would put yourself
Between me and song.

If I go alone,
Quiet and suavely clothed,
My body will die in its chair,

And over my head a flame,
 A mind that is twice my own,
 Will mark with icy mirth
 The wise advance and retreat
 Of armies without a country,
 Storming a nameless gate,
 Hurling terrible javelins down
 From the shouting wall of a singing town
 Where no women wait!
 Armies clean of love and hate,
 Marching lines of pitiless sound
 Climbing hills to the sun and hurling
 Golden spears to the ground!
 Up the lines a silver runner
 Bearing a banner whereon is scored
 The milk and steel of a bloodless wound
 Healed at length by the sword!

You and I have nothing to do with music.
 We may not make of music a filigree
 frame,
 Within which you and I,
 Tenderly glad we came,
 Sit smiling, hand in hand.

Come now, be content.
 I will come back to you, I swear I will;
 And you will know me still.
 I shall be only a little taller
 Than when I went.

An entire issue of *The Chapbook*
 (London) is filled with contributions
 solicited from American poets by Al-
 fred Kreymborg, in the rôle of pro-
 curer. Last but not least in their order
 of merit is the following:

THREE O'CLOCK (Morning)

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

THE jewel-blue electric flowers
 Are cold upon their iron trees,
 Upraised the deadly harp of rails
 Whines for its intervals of ease,
 The stones keep all their daily speech
 Buried but can no more forget
 Than would a water vacant beach
 The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,
 Ghastly from some torn edge of shade;
 A drowning one, a reeling one,
 And one still loitering after trade.
 On high the candor of a clock
 Portions the dark with solemn sound,
 The burden of the bitten rock
 Moans up from underground.

Far down the street a shutting door
 Echoes the yesterday that fled
 Among the days that should have been,
 Which people cities of the dead.
 The banners of the steam unfold
 Upon the towers to meet the day;
 The lights go out in red and gold,
 But Time goes out in gray.

We agree with the publisher (Mac-
 millan) of "Sea-Change," by Muna Lee,
 that it is a volume of poems "delicate
 and fresh in imagery, full of passion
 and the flavor of a distinctive person-
 ality." In the collection are several
 poems that have appeared in these col-
 umns, following their original maga-
 zine publication. New to us are the
 following:

GIFTS

BY MUNA LEE

THESE are but words, and I have more
 than these to give you;
 I have moments to give you, delicate as
 fern-leaves,
 Cloudy and clear as quartz,
 Colored like rose-hips and wild grasses,
 Various as the infinite rain.

I have hours to give you like stretches of
 shell-strewn beach,
 (The sea within sight, within sound)—
 And hours when there are no shells, no
 beach,
 But only sea.

I have years to give you:

These are but words.

AS HELEN ONCE

BY MUNA LEE

THE east unrolled a sheet of gold,
 Gold for river and flower and limb;
 As Helen once to Paris was
 Was I to him.

All things gold fade gray and old,
 Even the sun of love grows dim;
 As Helen now to Paris is
 Am I to him.

In another new and slender volume,
 "The Gothic Rose" (Appleton), we find
 some fourscore lyrics and short idyls

that suggest Coldridge and yet are far from being imitative. For instance:

EÖS

BY WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

THE morning, like a blond gazelle
With silver hoofs and amber eyes,
Stares from her kindling citadel
In mystery, marvel and surprise.

With those calm eyes the dusk she slew;
The dusk was smitten; down it fell
Most slender in the immaculate blue
The dawn is like a blond gazelle.

Oh, bare, Oh, blue, and dim with dew,
The world beneath her beauty lies;
There is no grace so strange as you,
O silver hoofs, O amber eyes!

From the May number of *Contemporary Verse* we are tempted to reprint a half dozen poems of pronounced excellence, such as the two delicate lyrics that follow:

STRANGERS

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

THEY cannot love a lesser land
Who once have gazed too far
Beyond proud blue horizons
Where perilous cities are

There is a strangeness in their talk;
Their words are light and thinned
As if the meaning had been blown
Through by some fatal wind.

Their eyes look past all other eyes,
They stare beyond the sky;
Their smiles are lost like silver birds
That eerily flash by.

They cannot love with lesser love
Who proudly once have known
The perilous high way of love;
And so they go alone.

SONG IN MIDSUMMER

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

SING me a song that has a cold, bright
sound,
Like icicles splintering on a marble floor,
Like hail scattering against a smooth
gold door
That a midnight storm has found.

Let the words of your song be sharply
faceted
And keenly cut and wrought, like
pointed gems
Set in the prickly, glittering diadems
Of proud queens long since dead.

Sing me a song more thinly cold and
strange
Than wind singing over deep-crustured
snow

In northern places where no rivers flow
And whiteness cannot change.

Combined in the following verses, from the *Atlantic*, is an odd mixture of philosophy and humor, with a distinct flavor of poetry:

QUAINT

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

IT is quaint to scuttle home
For three drops of rain;
Lest, like paintless houses,
We catch a weather-stain.

It is quaint to be afraid
Of freezing ugly toes;
To hide in furry luxury
A thing like a nose.

When you think that we shall lie
Tight in the ground
Fifty years—a hundred years—
And till the stars turn round—

Not abashed by glacial floods,
Nor frost that cleaves all stones—
It is quaint to take such care
Of our skin and bones.

Those who are schooled in love lore may not agree that the following sonnet, from the *New Republic*, contains truth and beauty in equal degree, but we reprint it for those who run to decide for themselves:

HIGH ROAD

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

LOVE is the way that lovers never know
Who know the shortest way to find
their love,
And never turn aside and never go
By vales beneath nor by the hills above,
But running straight to the familiar door
Break sudden in, and call their dear by
name,

And have their wish and so wish nothing
more
And neither know nor trouble how they
came.

Love is the path that comes to this same
ease

Over the summit of the westward hill,
And feels the rolling of the world and sees
The sun go down, and hears the summer
still,
And dips and follows where the orchards
fall,
And comes here late—or never comes at
all.

Tutankh-amen, of Egypt, has only
begun to be celebrated by contempo-
rary poets, in the vanguard of whom
we find Sara Teasdale singing, in the
New York Literary Review, to the ac-
companying effect:

EGYPTIAN KINGS WERE BURIED

BY SARA TEASDALE

EGYPTIAN kings were buried
With all their golden gear,
Cup and chest and chariot,
Couch and battle-spear.

Centuries of solid night
Pass them as an hour goes by;
When the chamber is unsealed
The gold looks gayly at the sky.

But the kingly body lies
Like a bit of blackened leather;
All the wrappings round the king
Cannot keep his bones together.

All the unguents and the spice,
All the power of pride or tears
Cannot keep the human body
Past its few small years.

Much exquisite poetry that Alice
Meynell has written will ever be fresh
and fragrant in recurrent seasons, and
from the collected "Poems of Alice
Meynell" (Scribner's) we reverently
take off our hat in the presence of such
evidences of legerdemain as follow:

THE GARDEN

BY ALICE MEYNELL

MY heart shall be thy garden. Come,
my own,
Into thy garden; thine be happy hours

Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest
flowers,
From root to crowning petal thine alone.

Thine is the place from where the seeds
are sown
Up to the sky enclosed, with all its
showers.

But, ah, the birds, the birds! Who shall
build bowers
To keep these thine? O friend, the birds
have flown.

For as these come and go, and quit our
pine

To follow the sweet season, or, new-
comers,

Sing one song only from our alder-
trees,

My heart has thoughts, which, though
thine eyes hold mine,

Flit to the silent world and other sum-
mers,

With wings that dip beyond the sil-
ver seas.

There are moments when a constant
reader may share the pessimistic mood
recorded in the following whimsical
complaint, which appears appropriately
in the *Bookman*:

TOO MANY SONGS

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

TOO many pretty songs are sung—
There is no sinew left in speech,
No burly splendor of the tongue
With power to grip or reach!

Words that were giants long ago
Are bred to-day of poorer bone.
They cannot lift my heart although
They strain forever at the stone.

Among the poetry prizes that are an-
nounced this month is one of \$50 of-
fered by Ben Field, president of the
Verse Writers' Club of Southern Cali-
fornia, for the best poem or group
of poems appearing in *Pegasus* (San
Diego, California) during the year. Dr.
Mary McKibben Harper, president of
the Dickens Fellowship of Chicago,
offers through *The Bookfellows* of that
city a \$25 prize for the best poem about
a bird or flower submitted before Sep-
tember first. *The Bookfellows* also have
offered \$100 for a sonnet by a new
writer, to be awarded next April.

WHY GERMANY DROWNED HER CREDIT

ARE the German bankers crazy, asks Gareth Garrett, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, when they declare that the trouble in Germany is a lack of money? In support of the astonishing declaration a Berlin banker is quoted as saying: "Before the war it required 4,000,000,000 marks in currency to transact the business of Germany. Now we have, let us say, 2,000,000,000 marks in circulation. But these are paper marks; and as a paper mark is worth only one-ten-thousandth of a pre-war gold mark, you have to divide 2,000,000,000,000 by 10,000. The result is 200,000,000. That is all we have to do our business with to-day against 4,000,000,000 before the war. There's the trouble. We shall have to print a great deal more. It is provided for. We have been printing 75,000,000,000 a day. Next week we shall be printing 125,000,000,000 a day."

There is, observes Garrett, a glimmer of ironic reason in the situation. So long as people will buy Germany's worthless money Germany can pay. Only, of course, it is not Germany that pays. The people who buy the mark—

they pay. All that Germany contributes is the cost of color printing. It is dishonest, but it is not insanity.

Tracing the history of German finance since the war, this writer surmises that Germany started in to inflate her currency "because she didn't know what else to do, and then afterward discovered its unimagined possibilities." As a matter of fact, Germany financed the war with paper; that is, by printing money and bonds instead of taxing the people. This was justified on the ground that she was bound to win the war, and that having won it she would make the losers pay. Her theory of so doing was never vague, we are assured. During the war her experts worked out an elaborate financial scheme whereby the whole cost of it should be gathered from the Allies. They prepared elaborate tables showing where the convertible wealth of the Allies lay, and working plans for seizing enough of it to reimburse Germany to the last pfennig. The amount the United States was to pay was definitely set down. In that case, all the paper money and all the bonds printed during



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GERMANY LAUNCHES A NEW 22,000-TON MERCHANT VESSEL AT HAMBURG

She has built 2,250,000 tons of shipping since the Armistice was signed and has 500,000 additional tons under construction.

the war represented merely a kind of temporary inflation. The whole of it would be made good by the spoils of victory. Therefore, why should the people be taxed?

Then the war was lost. "Not only was Germany unable to reimburse herself—that is, to cancel her inflation by seizing the wealth of France, England, Italy, Belgium and the United States and laying those countries under heavy tribute—but the Germans themselves would have to pay reparations. There was then a choice to make. Should they act in good faith? Should they tax themselves heavily both to restore what had been used up in war and to pay reparations, and thus save their credit? Or should they drown their credit in a flood of paper money as they drowned their fleet at Scapa Flow?"

This was decided upon, observes the *Saturday Evening Post* writer, as the lesser of two evils, with the result that prices began to rise very fast, of course; but for a long time money could be printed even faster. Ultimately, the writer predicts, prices will overtake the printing presses; but that is the last phase of inflation. Much time will elapse before prices, instead of following, begin to anticipate further unlimited additions to the supply of money. And for a long time also the government has a certain advantage. It spends its own money first. Therefore it gets the money's highest value. That is to say, the government each day spends the new billions before their effect upon prices is produced.

Inflation ruins the creditor in an obvious way. That which is owing to him will be repaid to him in money that is worth less and less. The debtor is enriched in the converse manner. The money he owes is worth less and less until the debt is nothing. Then he pays it off and the property is his.

Hugo Stinnes apparently saw this more clearly than anyone else at first. He went to and fro, writes the *Post* observer in Germany, buying with borrowed money everything he could covet—mines, ships, buildings, hotels, news-

papers, industries, anything of physical value. Suppose when the mark was 100 to the dollar he borrowed 500,000,000 marks to buy a steel plant. That was \$5,000,000 for the property. Suppose then he paid back the borrowed money when the mark was 50,000 to the dollar. That is only \$10,000. A \$5,000,000 steel plant for \$10,000!

The only reason why this one man did not become the proprietor of Germany, according to Garrett, is that other big industrialists began to see the same thing and to do likewise; and the only reason why a few big industrialists as a group did not come to own everything productive in the land was that little by little everybody began to see it. Everybody with any business shrewdness at all began to go into debt until in time it became a land of debtors.

The situation is without precedent in economic history in that a great nation's industrial machine working at full blast, increasing its means to further production, roaring, booming—apparently without any profit. In three years the number of share companies increases 50 per cent., because everybody who can is borrowing capital to engage in business, and bankruptcies are nil—yet apparently there is no profit. None in coal, yet they open new mines; none in iron, yet they build new blast furnaces; none in manufacturing, yet they increase their machines; none in ships, yet they build ships faster than anybody else; none in banking, yet new bank buildings appear everywhere.

As a matter of fact "there are profits, enormous profits. But they are concealed. Why should anybody be so stupid as to be caught with a profit on his books? The government in spite of itself is obliged to tax profits for reparations. Therefore the patriotic and desirable way with profits is to spend them. They are returned to industry, plowed under, sunk therein without statistical trace. They are spent for new buildings, new machines, new means to the production of new wealth; and all these new things are charged to expenses."

In the one item of ships, we are reminded that before the war the German mercantile marine was the second in the world. It was about 5,000,000 gross tons. After the Armistice it was nothing—only about 400,000 tons of old tubs. At the end of 1922 it was 2,250,000 tons, with 500,000 more under construction. This is to say, her whole

pre-war mercantile marine stood three-fifths restored, and there was a German ship again on every trade route where German ships had been before. Most of this post-war tonnage she built in her own yards with her own labor, but at the same time, though unable to pay reparations, she bought 150 ships back from the Allies for cash.

SUGAR—AND THE STRIKING HOUSEWIVES

PRICES for sugar have advanced approximately 90 per cent. above the low figure prevailing in January, and raw sugars are at this writing commanding in the open market a price 175 per cent. above the average prices prevailing a year ago. What's the reason?

The fact that the housewives of the country have risen in rebellion is due to the popular belief that they are being victimized by the middlemen, if not by the planters. A study of the situation, with all its ramifications, presents some peculiar features, in the light of which the recent advances are all the more strange. As reported by *The Annalist*, the Cuban crop, estimated at 3,500,000 tons, is only 12½ per cent. below the average of spring estimates and some 500,000 tons greater than last year, or 145,000 tons more than the increased consumption for this year, as estimated by the Department of Commerce.

Stocks of sugar at Cuban ports indicate no scarcity and, we read, sugar production in Europe is rapidly regaining its pre-war status. Stimulated by high prices, the beet-sugar fields of Europe, which were battlegrounds in the war, again are going into that crop. There also are indications of a big crop in Java.

Under these conditions, and with the knowledge that it only costs from 2 to 3 cents a pound to produce raw sugar in Cuba, the recent rise in prices, followed by governmental investigation

and a boycott of the commodity by buyers, undoubtedly will have very great influence on the future market price, particularly should artificial brakes on normal marketing be removed and the out-and-out speculators driven out of the market. In this connection, what has been suggested as one of the possible causes for the advance in sugar prices is that whereas three or four years ago the Cuban sugar industry was in the hands of and controlled by a large number of small planters, in the period of deflation and the quick drop in sugar prices from the 22½ cent level, many of the small planters were left deeply indebted to American and Canadian banking institutions. Properties in many cases were taken over by the banks, which are now largely engaged in the sugar industry and may be said to control it.

Householders consume directly more than 70 per cent. of the sugar distributed in the United States and "they have in their own hands, through curtailed consumption, a most effective weapon with which to protect themselves. It is axiomatic that an artificial commodity price cannot be long maintained if sustained demand does not absorb the stocks in the hands of producers and speculators."

The trade of the United States with Turkey and the Turkish people amounts to over 100 million dollars a year, according to the official records of the National City Bank, which are in turn based on those of the Turkish Government.

GOVERNMENT COSTS THE AMERICAN PEOPLE A PRETTY PENNY

IT costs \$8,500,000,000 a year to govern the people of this country, according to a computation made for the *Budget*, issued monthly by the Federal Budget Committee.

On the basis of forty million workers, whose gross income is \$60,000,000,000 a year, this means that the burden of government on every man and woman in business or professional life, including the 2,000,000 persons who are on the public pay rolls in nation, states, cities, counties, would be about \$220 annually. If they should contribute labor instead of dollars, every worker would give as his or her share more than seven weeks' labor every year. Every week each one of us would work approximately one day without pay as our contribution to the cost of preserving life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness under our system of government.

We maintain in civil life and in the national defense full-time employees to the number of all the military forces we sent abroad during the World War. In the lists are more than 50,000 town and city firemen, 82,000 policemen, 115,000 guards, watchmen and door-

keepers, 107,000 common laborers, 12,000 detectives and 10,000 sheriffs, 56,000 city and county inspectors of various kinds, 32,000 postmasters, 225,000 sailors, soldiers and marines, 2,300 life-savers, and so on down to snake doctors and star-gazers.

The census of 1920 gives the total number of workers within the United States as 41,614,248. One out of every twenty is, therefore, on a public pay roll.

The cost of maintaining the various forms of government that are a part of the United States is apportioned as follows: Federal government, \$4,666,671,594; forty-eight state governments, \$1,008,540,232; 253 municipal governments in cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants, \$1,638,296,052; municipal governments of towns and cities of from 2,500 to 30,000 population, \$431,287,059; municipal governments of 12,905 incorporated communities of less than 2,500 population, \$123,147,687; county governments of forty-eight states, \$592,068,972; making the total cost of American government in 1921, \$8,460,011,587.

SIXTY AMERICANS EACH INSURED FOR A MILLION OR MORE

WHAT are the conditions which make it worth while to insure the life of a person for \$5,000,000 or more at the cost of a sizeable fortune for a single year's premium? Time was—and not long ago—when a \$1,000,000 policy was phenomenal, but compilations current among underwriters list between thirty and thirty-five Americans on whose lives million-dollar policies are written, and twenty-nine others, including one woman, who carry life insurance for amounts grading up to \$5,000,000, which is reached in two instances.

The big policies, reviewed in the *New York Times*, are almost invariably carried for purely business reasons. Attention recently centered, for instance, on an application for a \$5,000,000 policy made, and withdrawn, by S. S. Kresge, of Detroit, operator of 212 5-and-10-cent stores. Many factors in this particular case, ethical, legal and practical, are of subordinate interest to the fact that huge policies are coming more and more to play an important part in the organization of the business world, and that the insurance companies, while exercising all possible

caution against bad risks, are just as eager for big "orders" as are men in other businesses.

That does not mean that one company will undertake to pay \$1,000,000 or \$5,000,000, or even \$500,000 out of its own coffers on the death of one man, any more than a fire insurance company would agree to insure, on its sole responsibility, all the property in a big city, agreeable as would be the premiums on the business.

The insurance companies, life as well as fire, reinsure when they reach the limit set by themselves for a single risk. Suppose a man wants a \$5,000,000 policy. He could get a single company to issue it to him, that company assuming responsibility for payment of a clear claim. But the company itself would pass the business around. It would keep for itself \$300,000 of the risk—that is the usual maximum—and the other \$4,700,000 it would distribute as the market warranted, a portion to this company and a portion to that. Even a strong company might be inconvenienced by having to pay out \$5,000,000 in a lump sum. In the Kresge case, it was proposed to distribute the \$5,000,000 among forty-two companies.

The increase in Federal and State taxes has done more than anything else to raise the maximum of insurance amounts. If an estate consists largely of stocks and bonds, it might be found necessary to dump a big part of them on an unfavorable market in order to raise the cash for death taxes, whereas insurance provides it automatically.

Estates frequently shrink from ten to more than fifty per cent. in the process or settlement. Frank W. Woolworth, for instance, left a net estate of \$30,127,900, which shrank 32.2 per cent., or \$9,704,201. The shrinkage includes the total depreciation in the estate due to taxes and administration expenses. In this instance the Federal estate tax was \$5,912,379 and the New York inheritance tax \$1,087,441.

If death taxes sometimes run above \$10,000,000, as in the case of James Stillman, the \$10,000,000 life policy

may before long be more than a rumor among underwriters.

Another important element in the growth of big individual insurance is dependence of business and industrial firms on the directing skill of single men. The death of the guiding genius can often be approximately estimated in terms of dollars and cents. A policy on his life, in favor of his firm, affords it protection.

The affairs of a New York jewelry firm furnished an illustration not long since. The head of the firm died. He had been receiving a salary of \$25,000 a year. But the experts who were consulted found that he was actually worth at least \$150,000 a year to the business, because of his personal abilities. In the branch in which he specialized, the firm's business went down like a toboggan when death ended his control. In insurance designed to counteract such probabilities it is customary for the premiums to be paid by the corporation named as beneficiary.

The element of business safeguard, as distinct from family protection, is easily discerned in a glance at a list of big individual risks. Here is one which embodies the latest available information of major policies. Those mentioned are New Yorkers except where otherwise specified:

\$5,000,000 policies—Jesse Lasky; Adolph Zukor.

\$4,500,000—Rodman Wanamaker.

\$4,000,000—Pierre du Pont, Wilmington, Del.

\$3,000,000—James C. Penney; Percy A. Rockefeller.

\$2,500,000—J. P. Morgan; E. E. Ben-singer, Henry D. Davidson, Chicago.

\$2,000,000—William R. Coe; Arthur Letts, Los Angeles; Julius Rosenwald, Chicago.

\$1,800,000—John N. Willys, Toledo; Louis F. Swift, Chicago.

\$1,650,000—Joseph P. Day.

\$1,500,000—James C. Colgate; Harold C. Keith, Brockton, Mass.; Mortimer Davis, Edgar L. Marston, William Ziegler; Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia; Mrs. Charles Netcher, Chicago.



THE author of "The Gentle Art of Columning," Mr. Charles L. Edson, has pointed out how the ideas every columnist selects are governed by his personality. His "hunches," for example, may come, as Franklin P. Adams' do, when he reads a good thing and writes a parody of it, or when he reads a feeble thing and "roasts" it. Or, like Don Marquis, he may be fond of satire, burlesque and epigram. Or, like Christopher Morley, he may have a weakness for puns.

It is clear that the staff of the Los Angeles Times, who contribute as a group to the daily column of that paper, are inspired by personality. Here are three of the best of their recent characterizations:

Aunt Alice Robertson, since her retirement from Congress, has gone to work. That woman won't be a politician in 1000 years.

John D. Rockefeller says that a man should not buy an automobile until he can afford it. If everybody proceeded on that theory the income of John D. would not be so hefty.

Gov. Pinchot of Pennsylvania has been given another slice of the estate of his uncle, the late Amos Eno, making almost \$400,000 that he has so far received from that source.

A man with that much money can afford to be a reformer. He doesn't feel the pinch.

Apropos of Governor Pinchot, we print this further paragraph, not so much witty as suggestive. It is taken from F. H. Collier's column in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

Call it Pinchotsylvania as a nickname for Pennsylvania. Woodman-Spare-That-Tree Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania, is planning a great new forest of 6,000,000 acres in his state in what is designated as the "Pennsylvania Desert," suitable only for the growing of trees. We say christen it "Pinchot Forest." That's a brave monument.

Mr. Collier has the following to say of the President's forthcoming tour:

President Harding is going to "feel the pulse of the people" on his western tour. It's feverish in the agricultural regions, Warren.

Keith Preston, of the Chicago News, has also been thinking of presidential problems, and makes a present of two slogans to Henry Ford:

"Here is distinctiveness on wheels," advertises ye auto man. A good slogan for the Ford presidential boom.

VOLTAIRE once said that if there were not a God it would be necessary to invent one.

Thomas L. Masson, former editor of "Life," has recently made a similar declaration with reference to the newspaper "colyum."

We need the "colyum" because we need the humorous view of men and affairs that may save us from cynicism and pessimism.

The columnist is as natively American as a negro minstrel.

He has grown, from humble beginnings, into a real influence in contemporary life.

It will be the aim of this department to "skim the cream" off newspaper columns throughout the country, and to offer it here from month to month for our readers' delectation.

"A little tin god on wheels," as they used to say, might be even better.

Is democracy a success? Can it ever be a success while so many people are slack and ignorant? The columnist of the *Detroit Free Press* indulges in the speculation, What percentage of people in this country, if asked to name the president and vice-president, would say, "Gallagher and Shean"? while Ted Robinson, of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, offers this reflection:

We can't get over the jar we received at a statement, reprinted in an editorial paragraph on this page, that "only 6,000,000 American voters think for themselves." Great Scott! If that many American voters, or half that many, thought for themselves, the millennium would be here. It would surprise and gratify us to learn that 6,000,000 people in America ever thought at all. There probably aren't that many people in the world who are capable of thinking.

Democratic ineptitude has, of course, its comic side, as the following, printed in a department in the *New York World* entitled "Day by Day in Washington," shows:

Among the visitors to Washington since Congress adjourned are many Congressmen-elect, installing themselves in the House Office Building and incidentally "learning the ropes." One of them asked a veteran legislator for some pointers on how to make a success in Congress.

"I know of no better way," was the reply, "than to follow the rules once laid down by Senator Swanson of Virginia to a bunch of new Congressmen:

"First. Work one day and then take six days off to talk about it.

"Second. Never take anything you can't carry away.

"Third. When in doubt, do right.

"Fourth. When the water rises to the second deck, put on a life preserver and follow the rats."

There is real American philosophy in this sentence, clipped from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*:

What the radio folks appeal to is the American notion, fostered by the great American genius of advertising, that any-

thing advertised can be widely sold; and that anything not advertised cannot be sold at all; and that anything not sold is virtually worthless.

Here are seasonable baseball paragraphs from "S. K.'s" column in the *Spokane News*:

"I guess," said Judge Landis back east, "I am the only man in the United States who can venture no opinion on what teams will win the 1923 baseball pennants." We guess the judge is the only man in the United States who is earning \$50,000 a year for being absolutely neutral on the subject of baseball.

Judge Landis says, what baseball needs is "plenty of diamonds, where all boys can play the game." He ought to be glad to have a copy of that well-known lecture, "Acres of Diamonds."

The following paragraph from the *Spokane News* might be listed under the title, "Literary Intelligence":

Every day we read the newest installment of the "Ten Favorite Books" feature and yesterday we were amply rewarded for our pains. "It being my habit to be honest in these matters, I omit Shakespeare and the Bible."

Writers who are in doubt as to the right use of the first person singular and the editorial "We" may find something helpful in this, from Heywood Broun's column in the *New York World*:

Thirteen readers have written to commend the use of the first person singular instead of the plural in this column. We thank them.

As a matter of fact, we intend from now on to be both singular and plural. "I" is best for confidences and distinctly personal reflections, upon the rare occasions when they are brought into "It Seems to Me," but when there is a need to be vindictive and disagreeable, "we" is the obvious choice, since it gives the writer the air of attacking in numbers.

We reprint this from *London Punch*:

"Why was I born?"—Dr. Crane in *"The Pall Mall Gazette."*

It is supposed that the Storks had a grudge against the Cranes.

Write for July Investment Offerings

YIELDING 6 to 6½% with assured safety, our list of bonds for July investment is more attractive and more widely diversified than any we ever have offered. It includes—

First mortgage serial real estate bonds of the highest character, yielding 6 to 6½%—bonds that are in a class wholly by themselves for safety and desirability; and—

First mortgage serial industrial bonds, backed by firmly established earnings and ample fixed assets, issued by prominent corporations producing fundamental necessities.

All these bonds are Straus Bonds, measuring up to Straus standards of security, safeguarded under the STRAUS PLAN, and backed by the Straus record of 41 years without loss to any investor. They are in \$1,000, \$500, and \$100 amounts. We suggest that you call or write today, and ask for

July Circular G-1320

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FINANCE & INVESTMENT

SPEAKING generally, average Americans are making a better job of their personal finances than they used to do. This statement may be open to debate on certain points. In the light of bucket-shop exposures, fruitless speculation in German marks and frequent swindling operations of one sort or another, it appears sometimes as though we are growing more and more careless and gullible. But the credit side of the ledger is, nevertheless, much weightier than the array of debits.

If, as has been estimated, bucket shops stole \$1,000,000,000 from their customers during the period 1919-1922, this vast waste was more than offset by the increase of approximately \$1,550,000,000 in deposits of mutual savings banks, and by the expansion of around \$1,200,000,000 in assets of building and loan associations—savings in large part. If we add into the debits the depreciation of German currency sold in this country during those years, estimated at \$500,000,000, the credit items still would have the advantage to the extent of \$1,250,000,000. And there remain to be counted as credits the hundreds of millions invested in good bonds and stocks, which certainly outweigh vastly the money put into questionable or worthless securities.

Now, there is encouragement in figures such as these. They show, for one thing, that among certain classes of people whose wages have kept ahead of the cost of living, extravagance has not ruled the majority. The statistics indicate, also, that many workers whose salaries have receded in purchasing power are treating earnestly their schedules of savings. Undoubtedly room exists for improvement in thrift, evi-

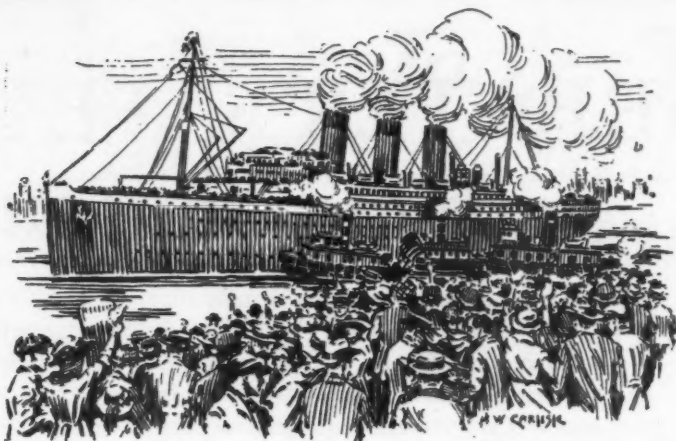
denced by the relatively small percentage of incomes derived from investments, as disclosed in Federal income-tax statements. But the people as a whole have their feet upon the ground.

It is probably true that we are controlling our personal costs—operating outlays—more zealously than at any previous time in the last twenty-five years. That is not to say that we squeeze every dollar and deny ourselves severely in the expenditure of money. Rather, while buying useful things perhaps more freely than our fathers and mothers did in the early 90's, we fight any attempt to exploit our pocketbooks. Witness what happened to the sugar market last April, a reflection of the "buyers' strike" of 1921, when the refusal of thousands of housewives to follow prices upward had much to do with checking the advance.

The corollary of controlled expenditures is an enlargement of savings and investment. Granted that figures of national income and traceable accumulations of wealth from this income show Americans to be behind the French and Dutch in the matter of savings, we are making progress in the right direction every year. It is conventional to say that the Liberty loans built an army of investors where a scant battalion existed before the war. Without doubt the patriotic urge brought forward tens of thousands of buyers who would never have invested in bonds otherwise. But it has seemed to some close students of investment conditions that the war-loan subscriptions were less effective in permanent results than other developments since those enormous borrowings were made.

For one thing, the public is more in-

(Continued on page 110)



For Your Foreign Trip

ARE you planning a business or a pleasure trip abroad? The services of this Company, both here and on the other side, can be of varied usefulness to you.

This Company has completely equipped offices in three great capitals — London, Paris and Brussels — and in important commercial cities. They are American banks, conducted along American lines, and can render every type of financial or travel service. Our officers

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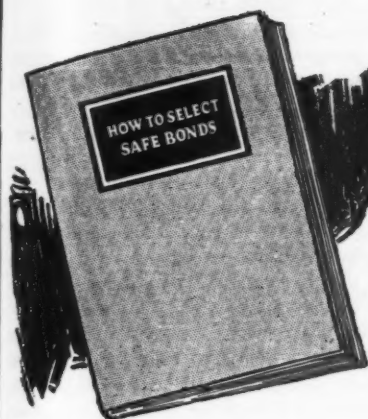
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THIS book tells in clear, definite, simple language the basic principles which influence all investments. It classifies all types of investments so that any one can quickly grasp the fundamental differences—the advantages and disadvantages of each one. It gives the few simple, easy, but very important rules by which insurance companies and other big corporations select their investments—assuring them strong security with a high yield.

It tells you how you may judge the merits of any investment—how you may select the investment best suited to your needs—how you may protect your principal against loss or mismanagement. With the aid of

the very important, very vital information contained in this book an inexperienced investor may go about the selecting of his investments confident that he is getting the same safety as the most experienced investor.

This book is, we sincerely believe, one of the most concise, most informative manuals ever prepared on the subject of investments. It gives, in condensed form, the investment knowledge which we have acquired in our conservative investment experience of over 38 years—during which time no customer has ever lost a penny of either principal or interest on any Forman investment.

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Please mail me, without obligation, a copy of your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds."

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Long established companies show a consistent record of increased business and earnings year after year since they were organized.

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Ask for Booklet DO 168

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IS THIS 1920 OVER AGAIN?

The year 1920 marked the end of our last period of prosperity and the beginning of a broad bear market in stocks.

So far this year the stock market has acted in striking similarity to that of 1920. Do fundamentals indicate a continuance of this action, with further heavy liquidation in securities later this year?

Or, is there sufficient strength in the present situation to ward off serious consequences that followed the heavy production and later liquidation of 1920?

Our Speculative and Investment Bulletin—recently off the press—analyzes the situation, compares basic conditions today with those existing in 1920, and makes specific recommendations. It should be invaluable to every investor. A few copies are available for FREE distribution.

Simply Ask for CP-7

American Institute of Finance
141 MILK STREET BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from page 106)

interested in good securities and in savings' programs prepared by the banks because investment and saving have been presented in convincing publicity during the last five years. The Government's Savings Certificate campaign was brought to the attention of everyone able to see and read. The bankers selling Federal Farm Loan and Land Bank bonds have displayed strongly the high yield returned by these income tax-free securities. The element of protection in all classes of legitimate bonds and investment stocks has been emphasized by facts of earnings and assets, discussed in a fashion to draw attention away from flashy get-rich-quick literature and advertising.

It is probable, however, that economic events of themselves have enhanced the average man's vision of investment and savings. There is no question but that the money which comes easy goes away much easier than money earned by hard labor. Viewed from another angle, the money coming in as income from real labor possesses a more precious aspect in times like the present, when high living costs run a close race with the pay envelope or salary check, than in less difficult periods. With the dollar worth hardly more than 60 cents in terms of goods' values, the person inclined to get ahead financially realizes that more dollars must be laid aside for a given purpose than were necessary a decade ago.

Take the matter of college education, something planned for their children by thousands of parents who, a few years since, thought a job after high school was good enough. At one of the great universities a recent survey showed the minimum cost of a year in college to be nearly \$1,100, compared with about \$650 in 1913. Such increase bespeaks close figuring of the income of many families; but the fact that the colleges are overcrowded in nearly all sections of the country proves that, despite the upward swing of all essential expenses of life, more money is devoted to educational purposes than ever was the case before.

The impulse behind better management
(Continued on page 114)

Why Look for More Than 7% and Safety?

A CUSTOMER sends us a list of stocks—some good, some bad—in which he invested \$9,240 several years ago. His holdings are now worth only \$3,380. He says:

"At the same time I took \$6,661.33 in Miller Bonds and in the same period they have yielded me \$1,250 in interest and the principal is worth \$7,000. With the stocks I have lost \$5,860 of principal. If you want to do a little figuring, assume that I had placed that \$9,240 in Miller Bonds at the time when I actually placed \$6,661.33 with you, and see where I would be."

Experiences such as this, multiplied among thousands of investors, show why a great many people are turning to Miller First Mortgage Bonds. In buying them, the expert and the novice are on the same footing—both get a safe investment paying up to 7%. Why try to do better than that?

Mail coupon for booklet "Creating Good Investments"

\$100 Bonds; \$500 Bonds; \$1,000 Bonds

Interest paid twice yearly

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Dear Sirs: Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet "Creating Good Investments," and circular describing a good first mortgage bond issue paying 7% interest.

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Choose Your Investments Now

It takes time to make wise selection of sound securities. Now is the time to pick investments for your mid-year funds, your interest, dividends and money in bank. Prompt action avoids loss of interest and gives you early choice among the present offerings.

Our new booklet will aid you by describing a widely diversified list of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds yielding liberal interest and surrounded by the safeguards provided by our Formula of Safety which for a generation have proved their worth.

During the many years the American Bond & Mortgage Company has

been in business, many thousands of investors throughout the United States have purchased through us many millions of dollars of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds, secured by improved city properties, without one dollar loss of principal or interest.

The opportunity to invest wisely and to obtain the good interest return of 6½% is available today provided you act promptly in sending for this mid-year investment list.

We will gladly send it without cost or obligation on your part. Write now while there is still time to benefit by its information.

Ask for Booklet 393

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INCORPORATED

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United for the Nation's need

We are a people scattered over three million square miles of territory—a people whose daily commercial transactions and social interests are as wide-spread as our boundaries. Only a unified telephone service, covering the whole country, can serve our needs.

Such a service, in turn, requires a national organization with uniform policies and operating methods; and also in each community a local organization with full authority and responsibility for the problems of that community.

Such a service is the service of the Bell System. Two hundred and fifty thousand employees and

approximately six thousand local operating units cover the length and breadth of the land. Uniting these community organizations are the Associated Companies of the Bell System, each responsible for service in its territory.

Linking together the Associated Companies is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It operates the long distance lines, develops nation-wide policies, standards of practice and equipment for the improvement of the service and for the benefit of all.

In this commonwealth of service the best interests of the nation and the community are equally served.



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*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service*

When is a Chance a Chance?

The real facts about investment and speculation are fairly well described in the statement of a banker who said: "An investment is a speculation that has lived long enough to have the chance eliminated—both the chance of making or losing any big profit."

When you do speculate, and most businesses started as a speculation, you want a chance for your money—a "run for your money."

What *are* the chances you are taking or considering? Your broker is interested in buying and selling—your banker in safety—we are interested in the facts we can tell you, and in interpreting the underlying conditions that we believe you should consider, and in seeing that our clients *know* all we can tell them. A chance is a chance for you only *when you know exactly how much of a chance it is.*

Our Investors Service has saved many a dollar, and made many a dollar for its readers by just letting them know what the chances really were.

You will be interested in Bulletin C.O. 14 giving the details of our forecasting methods.

FOR DEFINITE ACCURATE TIMELY FORECASTS ON MARKET TRENDS

BROOKMIRE

ECONOMIC SERVICE INC.
25 West 43rd Street New York

"The Original System of forecasting from Economic Cycles"

(Continued from page 110)

ment of personal finances than we used to see envisions things more remote than the proper equipment of the family for requirements of the immediate and early future. The foresighted investor, setting aside a part of his earnings regularly, aims at the creation of an independent income for his sunset years. He looks even further along, if he has a complete perspective. He builds for his children and other dependents after he is gone. And if he is able to construct a complete financial program, he combines maintenance for his old age with an estate for his descendants. Investment houses report a steady growth in the number of regular bond buyers who have their plans worked out in fine detail with these ends in view.

The writer knows a man who follows rigidly a program which, with due allowance for unexpected events, will at the age of 50 produce for him an annual income of \$1,500 to \$1,800, provide him with a house and establish an estate of approximately \$52,000 if he should die when the schedule is completed. In the belief that some particulars of this man's scheme of life may be worth contemplating, they will be presented here.

This builder of income and estate is about 40 years old, and his plan was begun within the last year on a fairly solid basis of accumulations made from the time he was thirty. He built a house a few years ago at a cost of \$9,000 and was fortunate in selecting a site which has since increased substantially in value as the city has grown up to it. His income ten years ago was \$3,500 a year; it is now around \$8,000, and he feels that he is approaching the height of earning power in his line of work. Realization that he had not made the most of his income during the period when it was becoming more than doubled was what made this man prepare a mathematically correct schedule for causing money to grow.

The house was financed through a building and loan association and stands free and clear. Recently he was offered \$20,000 for it, and believes that when the water is wrung out of the

present boom in values it will be worth \$12,000. It is carried at this figure in his assets. He carries \$12,000 ordinary life insurance, a direct provision for his estate. The monthly deposit of \$55 as savings in the loan association, which usually pays a dividend of $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ a year, will return \$11,000 at compound interest in slightly more than eleven years, or when the man's fiftieth birthday arrives. The investment of \$50 a month in bonds yielding 6%, with the interest reinvested, will produce between \$7,000 and \$8,000 in the ten years, nearer the higher figure if fairly accurate compound interest at 6% can be obtained. With close to \$10,000 property, stocks and real estate, owned in addition to the house, this schedule works out at approximately \$40,000 in ten years, of "quick" assets for the most part, and \$12,000 insurance. The insurance premiums are covered by income from the \$10,000 investments made before the new schedule was begun.

The annual cost of this campaign is about as follows: Insurance \$340; building and loan deposits \$660; bond installments \$600, or \$1,600 per year. This equals approximately 15% of the man's earned income, as the insurance premiums are provided outside of his salary. In another way of looking at it, through the use of 19% of his gross revenue, or 15% of his earned revenue, this income builder is providing a tidy reserve for his later years and establishing a substantial estate.

Another careful financier known to the writer is laying greater stress on his estate than on the thought of a bond reserve for his own use. Instead of dividing his savings into three or four portions, he carries a large amount of insurance, using 75% of his free income for premiums. His plan, also, is worked out mathematically to the end of producing \$30,000 of paid-up insurance in ten years. The remaining 25% of savings goes into bonds on a partial payment arrangement. He is considerably younger than the man first mentioned, and is so thoroughly committed to consistent investment

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Whether you are a large or small investor, capitalist, bank director or wage earner—whether you buy stocks, bonds or real estate—wherever you are—whatever you do—this book will be of vital interest to you—be of direct, positive value.

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Nothing like this book has ever been published. It contains a unique security map of Chicago—a graphic chart of Chicago, "the 13th State of the Union," teeming with salient facts—a picturization of financing a city, and the only clear chart ever published of the evolution of Real Estate first mortgages.

Besides living facts never before printed in any form anywhere, this book contains all the net experience gained by Cochran & McCluer Co. in an active career of 42 years in the real estate investment business. It contains the A B C facts that lead trustees, banks, trust companies, corporations and investors to secure safety with high yield through Cochran & McCluer Certified First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds. It lists and describes the security behind six preferred offerings with choice of maturities for diversification. And last but not least, it explains the Cochran & McCluer plan that suits the purse and purpose of every investor.

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This valuable book is free. Asking for it obligates you in no way—no salesman will call.

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No loss to any investor in 50 years



Reinvest July Funds at 6½% in the Nation's Capital

THE PROVEN SAFETY of 50 years—1873 to 1923—is back of the 6½% First Mortgage Investments sold by the F. H. Smith Company. Half a century without loss to any investor is the record upon which we solicit the investment of your funds in Washington, D. C.—the Nation's Capital.

Improved, income-producing real estate in Washington is the ideal security for the first mortgage investor, because **THE BUSINESS OF GOVERNMENT**, which is the foundation of Washington's prosperity, goes on regardless of commercial and industrial fluctuations elsewhere.

You can examine at your leisure the booklet describing our current offerings, make your selection as to issue and maturity, and reserve the investment you desire for future delivery if your funds are not available at this time.

NO DEPOSIT is required on investments reserved for 30 days, though upon payment of 10% of the purchase price reservations may be made for longer periods. All payments draw 6½% interest from date received.

If you wish to pay in installments our Investment Savings Plan affords a means of earning 6½% on all partial payments, with **A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** of principal and savings bank interest in the event you are unable to complete the purchase.

Denominations: \$100, \$500, \$1,000

Maturities: 2 years to 15 years

State and Federal Tax-Free Features

Write today for Booklet 18

The F.H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

No loss to any investor in 50 years

(Continued from page 115)

that any increases of salary are likely to be divided pro rata between the insurance and bond-buying plans.

A sound program for building a bond reserve and estate jointly can be prepared by using bond interest to pay insurance premiums. Over a period of years this will bring results so large as to be surprising, with the greater emphasis on the estate. For example, the income from a \$1,000 six per cent. bond, bought at par—\$60 a year—will pay the premium on approximately \$3,500 ordinary insurance for a person 25 years old, or \$3,000 insurance at 30 years, or over \$2,000 at 40 years. Assuming that a man may buy no more than a \$500 bond each year and take out all the insurance the \$30 interest will provide, he will be carrying around \$12,000 insurance in ten years if he begins at 25 years of age and, in addition, will own \$5,000 par value of bonds. All of these figures are, of course, approximate. It may not always be possible.

(Concluded on page 118)

Investment & Finance

CURRENT OPINION's Investment and Finance Department will be glad to have any of the following financial booklets sent to its readers free of charge by the companies issuing them. Just check the booklets you want and write your name and address on the coupon below.

- ☐ Our Successful Record—American Bond & Mortgage Co.
- ☐ How to Make Your Money Make More Money—American Institute of Finance.
- ☐ Scientific Investing—Brookmire Economic Service.
- ☐ Monthly Investment Plan—H. M. Byllesby & Co.
- ☐ Enduring Investments—Caldwell & Company.
- ☐ Behind the Scenes, Where Bonds Are Made—Cochran & McCluer Co.
- ☐ How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
- ☐ Investment Recommendations—Guaranty Company of New York.
- ☐ Profit Sharing Bonds—Clarence Hodson & Company.
- ☐ Selecting Your Investments—G. L. Miller & Co.
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CURRENT OPINION

7-23

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What Men Use To get those glistening teeth

Note how many men and women show white teeth nowadays.

They are proud to show them when they smile—because they are attractive.

There is a new way of teeth cleaning which millions now employ. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth.

It removes film

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

That's why teeth look cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many troubles.

That's how teeth are ruined.

You must do this

Old ways of brushing do not end that film. Some al-

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

ways remains to threaten serious damage night and day.

So dental science sought a film combatant and two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it. Experts proved those ways effective. Then dentists everywhere began to advise their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it, for daily application.

Now careful people of some fifty nations use this new way to clean teeth.

Fights acid, too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect.

The new-day way

Pepsodent is the tooth paste of today. Millions already use it. All careful people will adopt it when they know its benefits.

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(Continued from page 116)

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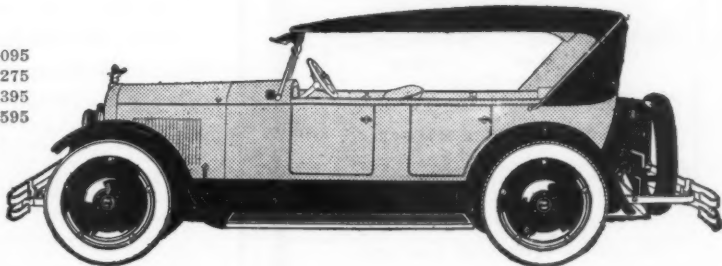
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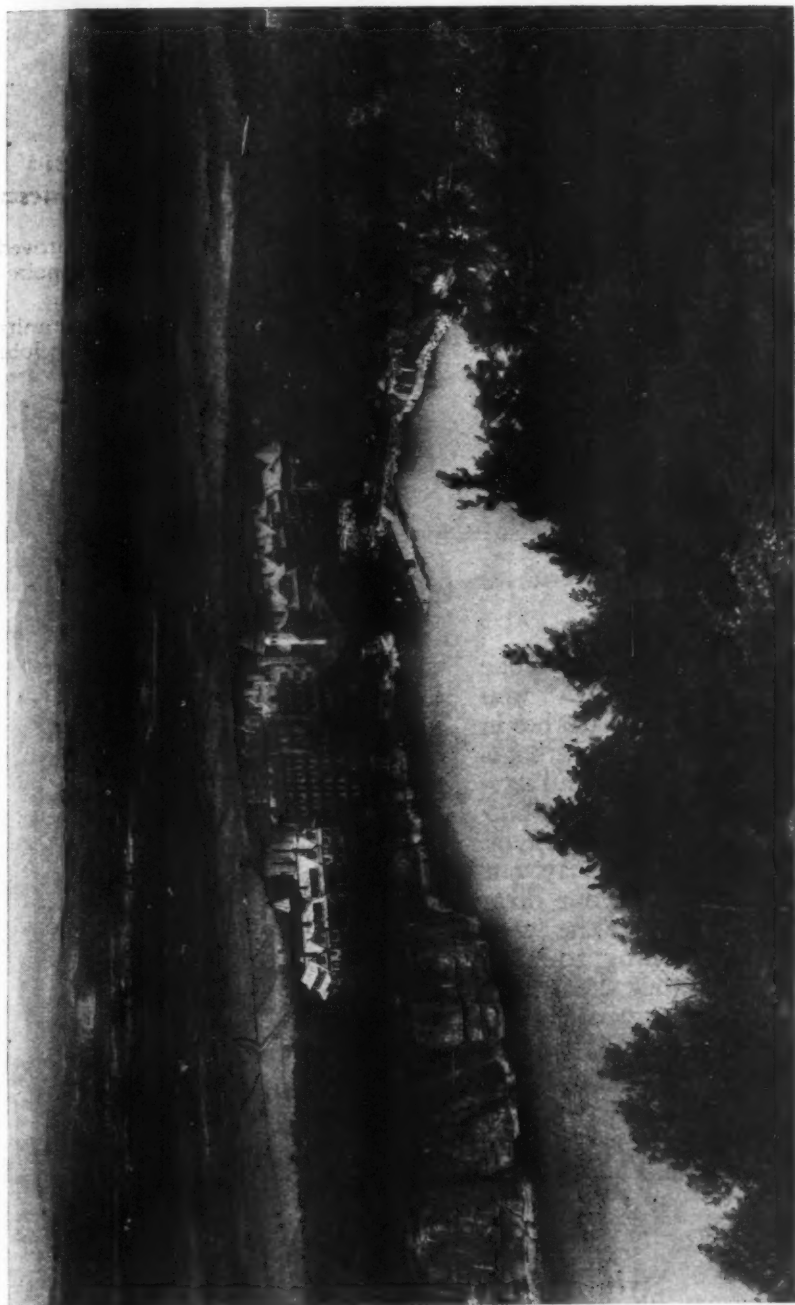
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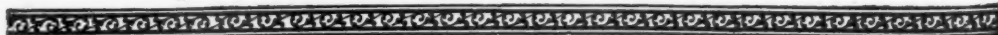
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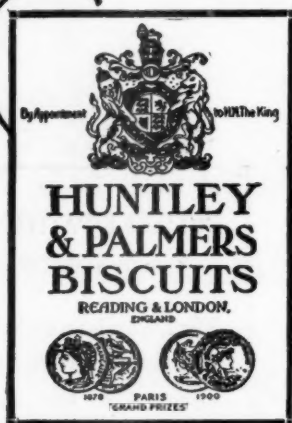
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